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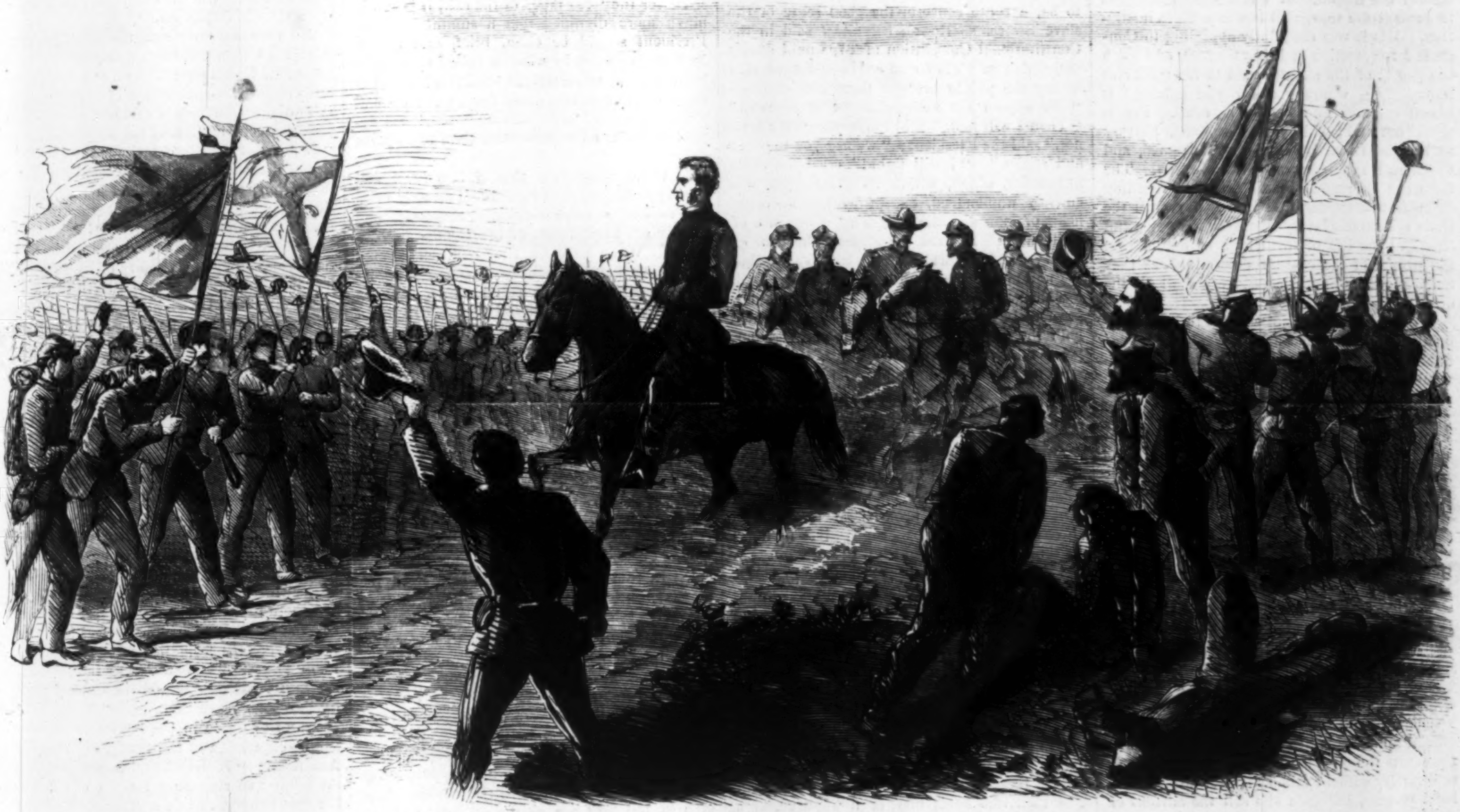
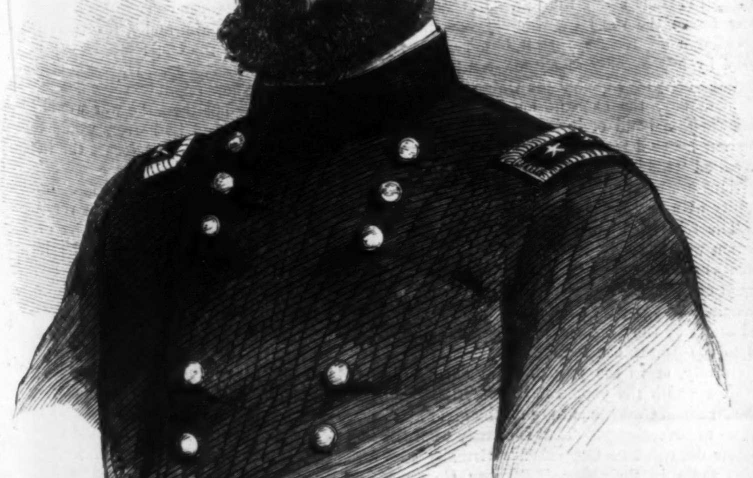
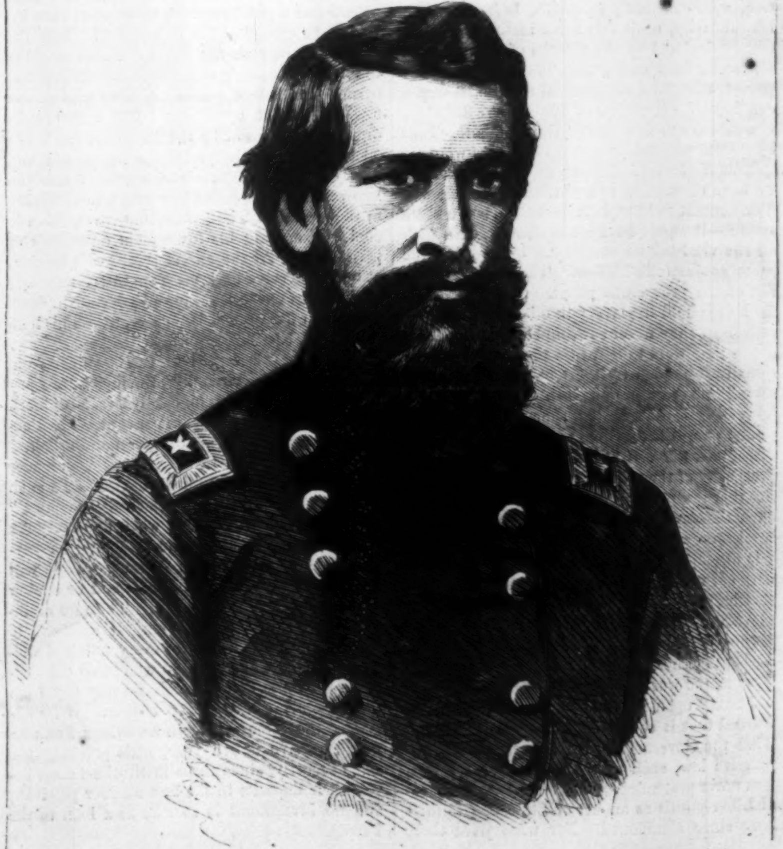


GENERAL HOOKER RIDING ALONG HIS LINES ON THE MORNING OF JULY 21, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 517.]



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

THE ARCH REBEL.

THE most specious argument of the enemies of American nationality and progress is, that as Slavery is a State institution the nation has no right to meddle with it; or as one of them lately expresses it: "If they [the Slave States] abolished Slavery, well; if not, the bond of federation [by which phrase the Constitution of the United States is described] did not make us any more responsible in the eye of Heaven for Slavery in Virginia than our commercial treaties with Brazil do for its existence there."

This view of the Union as a Confederacy, and of the Constitution as a treaty, we do not here discuss. But the entire and willful fallacy of the implication concerning national interference with Slavery is very easily exposed. The whole truth lies in this nutshell, that when Slavery found it could not be nationalized it tried to destroy the nation. It was always prating, as its lackeys are now, that it was a State institution. But it was constantly appealing to Congress for protection and countenance, and when the people of the country said to it: "Stay at home, then, where you say you belong," it hissed defiance and sprang to arms. For it would not and could not stay at home. Slavery as a mere State institution was doomed, and therefore it insisted upon nationalization. The facts can be readily recalled, and in recalling them it will appear that it was not until the State system of Slavery destroyed the peace and struck at the life of the Union or nation that the people of the country determined, as they unquestionably have, that Slavery shall die the death.

We say that it was not content to be a State institution. If it had been it would have been untouched by all but moral influences. But it would push into the common territories without the national permission, as in Kansas, for which purpose the Missouri Compromise was repealed, upon the motion of a Northern man, indeed, but to secure Southern support. It would rob the national mails, as it was authorized to do by **AMOS KENDALL**, the political sponsor of General **M'CLELLAN**. It would shape the national policy, as Mr. **CALHOUN** confessed at the time of annexing Texas; and as became evident in the Ostend Manifesto, in which Messrs. **BUCHANAN**, **SOULÉ**, and **MASON** announced that we would steal what we could not buy. It would destroy the national rights of citizens of the United States, imprisoning, shooting, hanging, and burning them, because of their color or for the exercise of privileges secured by the national Constitution, as when Mr. **HOAR**, of Massachusetts, a venerable and eminent lawyer, went down by official appointment to Charleston to discuss in the courts the question whether one State could arbitrarily, without crime alleged, and without legal process, imprison and sell the citizens of another; for which he and his daughter who accompanied him were mobbed out of that city, with the connivance of the better classes. While thus it was refusing to remain a State institution, Slavery was steadily threatening to dissolve the Union if its national demands were not granted. The fame, the honor, the consistency, the character, not of the States but of the nation, were constantly crumbling before its insolent audacity, until this State institution deliberately declared by the mouths of senators and representatives and stump orators and newspapers, that if its Presidential candidate—not a candidate for Governor of State—were defeated, it would try to destroy the Government. That candidate was defeated, and it kept its word.

Now if Slavery, of whose national aggressions we have mentioned two or three instances, had been content to be what it claimed to be—a State system—it would have been tolerated, even with all the vital crimes committed by it within the State against the Nation. The moral sympathy of the prosperous people of the free States for a race held in slavery in other States, whose sufferings they never saw, and with whose condition they were taught that they were constitutionally forbidden to interfere, would have protested, but feebly and ineffectively. When, however, the State system spurned State limitations, and, by seeking to nationalize itself, threatened the political rights and the material prosperity of the free States, as it did by claiming that the owner of twenty blacksmiths should enter the common territory as the rival of twenty blacksmiths who owned themselves—and when this attempt was accompanied by the threat of national ruin if it were resisted—then the long-slumbering common sense of the American people accepted the struggle, for four years has gloriously maintained it, and will end it and its authors together.

Thus the war is the direct armed aggression of Slavery upon the Government, because it had learned that it could not subvert it peacefully. That the Government had ever passed an oppressive law, such as might justify revolution, was never pretended. The complaint of Personal Liberty bills as an act of State bad faith is long since abandoned. For what were those bills? They were laws to secure the liberty of the people of certain States. Could such laws be properly offensive to any well-disposed citizen? If the law enforcing slavery upon part of the people of Virginia were a State right not to be lawfully changed from without, was a law maintaining the freedom of all the innocent people of Wisconsin less a State right not to be externally molested? If South Carolina were to have the right to come into Vermont and seize a man as a slave, was Vermont not to have the right to take care that none of her citizens were seized under false pretenses? Senator **IVERSON**, of Georgia, and the chief rebel leaders at the South, made no such feeble plea as that. They left that to a class of people at the North properly called doughfaces. The leaders said, frankly, It is not your personal liberty bills, it is not the forcible rescue of fugitive slaves; it is the public opinion of the North which is the difficulty.

Moreover, neither President **LINCOLN** nor the party which elected him had the remotest intention of touching Slavery in the States. Believing it to be ultimately fatal to any State, and consequently to the Nation, they were yet sure that if it could be made what it forever claimed to be, a State concern, the good sense of the slave States, as **ROGER SHERMAN** said in the Constitutional Convention of '87, would finally extinguish it. They said only—and upon that saying the people brought them into power—"We oppose the nationalization of Slavery." "Then I will fight," said Slavery. "We hope not," said the President; "we beg you to pause and reflect." "I will fight!" cried the State institution, which, within its State lines, was entirely unmenaced, except by the universal heart of man and the indignant conscience of civilization. It fired the shot at the *Star of the West* and at Fort Sumter. Slavery attacked the nation with the sword. For three years it has shed the blood of the noblest and the most precious in the land. The sword has revealed both the essential character and political purpose of Slavery. By God's grace, that sword shall not be sheathed except in its heart.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury—or rather the People of the United States acting through Mr. **FESSENDEN**—asks for a loan of Two Hundred Millions of Dollars upon these terms: The Government, that is the People, gives its notes for three years with interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent., payable half-yearly. These notes are drawn for amounts varying from $50 to $5000, so that any man who has fifty dollars to invest can lend it to the People of the United States at a rate of interest higher than he can receive from any other safe investment.

The *Security* is absolute. Every dime of the wealth of the People, worth in gold at this moment not less than twenty thousand millions of dollars, and in spite of the waste of war constantly increasing, is pledged for its payment. The man who holds fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand dollars in these notes, holds a first mortgage upon every dollar of the whole wealth of the People.

This loan is the most *convertable* investment possible. If one lends money upon bond and mortgage, or invests it in railroad, banking, manufacturing, or mining stock, he can never be sure that at the moment he wishes to realize he can find a purchaser. The value of such investments changes from day to day. Now the Bulls have it, then the Bears. Between them the investor is likely to get only one shell of the oyster, the meat of which has been sucked out by Wall Street operators. But notes really drawn and indorsed by the People of the United States must always have a permanent and nearly uniform value. The holder of one can know almost to a dollar how much it will bring in the market. The lender, moreover, has the choice of making his investment temporary or permanent. At the end of three years he can, at option, receive back his loan, interest already paid, or can exchange it for a Government bond payable in from five to twenty years. This loan is thus the best Savings Bank.

The *Interest* is larger than can be gained from any other safe investment. Savings Banks pay five per cent. Money can hardly be safely placed on bond and mortgage at six per cent. The People in this loan offer almost seven and a half.

The Interest is easily *collectable*. The lender has not to hunt about for his debtor. To each note, great or small, are attached "coupons," or interest tickets. These, when due every six months, may be cut off and presented for payment at any Government Agency. They will be the best money, for any merchant or banker will be glad to receive them. The rate of interest is not arbitrarily fixed. It amounts to exactly two cents a day for every hundred dollars loaned. Thus the man who lends the People a thousand dollars receives every day from them twenty cents, or $73 a year. If he deposited the same money in a Savings Bank he would receive $50 a year, with precisely the same security, since these institutions must invest their deposits in the best manner possible; and no investment is so safe as a loan to the People.

In every point of view this Government loan—even apart from the patriotic motive of maintaining the cause to which every man not a traitor has pledged his means, life, and honor—is the best and safest investment possible.

THE CALL FOR MEN.

IT seems to us a great error to represent the call for five hundred thousand men as chilling the national heart; and equally erroneous to regret that it was not rhetorically made, or to suppose that a word from General **GRANT** or **SHERMAN** would fill the ranks which the President's word might fail to recruit.

Upon the subject of an increase of the army nothing is juster than the position taken by the *Evening Post*, that now is the very time when we can not have too many men—a position directly antagonistic to the idea that the call for these men, whether for one, two, or three years, would chill the national ardor. But to summon them for a month or a hundred days is idle. Let them be called for one, two, or three years, and if they are not needed more than twenty days so much the better.

As for the "red tape" of the call, it is surely much more dignified that a summons of the President should be calm, brief, and direct. Nothing is gained by what is called rhetoric in State papers; no statement the President might make of the situation could deepen the general feeling in regard to it; and no impassioned appeal could be more persuasive than the simple call.

But the suggestion that if **SHERMAN** and **GRANT** need help they should call directly upon the nation is more serious. **SHERMAN** and **GRANT** are Lieutenants of the Commander-in-Chief. When he calls, they call. The man must have a strange conception of public affairs who imagines that the call for men is made without concert with General **GRANT**. He must have a still stranger conception of the duty of Generals to their Chief who supposes that the summons of the subordinates would be more persuasive. In what condition would this country be, if it responded to a call from General **SHERMAN** which it disregarded from the President? Either the General and the President are in perfect accord, or they are not. If they are, General **SHERMAN** already calls for more men. If they are not, and we are likely to obey his call when it comes, meanwhile neglecting the President, then General **SHERMAN** is in the most dangerous position possible for the country. In that case he has that hold upon the popular heart to the exclusion of the President, which the false friends of **M'CLELLAN** tried to create for him, with the intention, under certain circumstances, of enabling him to do what some of his newspaper supporters openly called upon him, and afterward upon General **GRANT** to do, namely, to overthrow the Government and install himself as dictator.

There could be no surer sign of approaching anarchy than a call for more men proceeding directly from any General in the service. The men in the field are citizen-soldiers, and the President is their Commander-in-Chief. Through him, with the knowledge and approbation of his Generals, the summons ought to come, as it has come, not despondingly or doubtfully, but gravely, calmly, and confidently.

THE NATION NOT A CONFEDERACY.

THE attentive observer of the times will not fail to remark that the phrases and arguments of the opponents of the war plainly indicate their position. They plant themselves upon State Rights, upon State Sovereignty. They reproduce **CALHOUN**'s elaborate sophism as the true theory of our Government, and assert that condition still to exist which **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** and **JAMES MADISON**, in the *Federalist*, declared that the Union was expressly formed to destroy. In a late speech of Governor **SEYMOUR**'s he described the Union as a Confederacy. That has been often done by the most faithful citizens before the war. But since the war began the word Confederacy has had so peculiar a significance that it is not carelessly used by any speaker of authority. So in the passage elsewhere quoted the Union is called a Confederacy, the Constitution of the United States—that bond of intimate fusion in whose fervent heat all State sovereignty was melted—is called "the bond of federation," and its obligations are compared to those of a commercial treaty with Brazil.

The rebel position is now, as that of nullification was formerly, that the Constitution is a treaty or compact between States, not an instrument establishing a Government adopted by the people. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. But among the powers which the people have conferred upon the National Government are all the great attributes of sovereignty. That is exactly what the rebels deny. The Copperheads virtually support them in their denial. When Governor **SEYMOUR** said that the United States had no power to coerce a State he showed exactly in what school he had been trained. From that moment it was clear that he could never heartily support the war.

But even if the Constitution were solely the compact or treaty that the rebels and Copperheads claim it to be, it is plain that every party to a compact or treaty repudiates it at his peril. South Carolina has no right to destroy the interests and safety of Iowa or Michigan in seeking her own. The argument is as old as the sophism. **WEBSTER** comprised it in his reply to **HAYNE**. But **WEBSTER** wrought his statue in marble quarried from the *Federalist*. The people of this country will never forget that they are as primarily citizens of the Union or nation as of any State. In one sense, indeed, they are more so. For in almost every one of the large, active, controlling States a multitude of the citizens were born elsewhere. In the great Northwestern States this is true of much of the adult population. If a conflicting inter-State question should arise they would be distracted between the State of birth and that of residence. But a national question finds them every where equally at home. The States are the fields, from one to another of which they pass at will. But in every field they are still upon the old family estate.

No man so early saw the necessity of this National Union and State subordination as **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**; and no one more trenchantly exposed the subterfuge of State Sovereignty and the true nature of the Union. In the twenty-second number of the *Federalist* he says: "It has not a little contributed to the infirmities of the existing federal system [the old Confederation] that it never had a ratification by the people. Resting on no better foundation than the consent of the several Legislatures, it has been exposed to frequent and intricate questions concerning the validity of its powers, and has in some instances given birth to the enormous doctrine of a right of legislative appeal. Owing its ratification to the law of a State, it has been contended that the same authority might repeal the law by which it was ratified. However gross a heresy it may be to maintain that a *party* to a *compact* has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine itself has had respectable advocates. The possibility of a question of this nature proves the necessity of laying the foundations of our National Government deeper than in the mere sanction of delegated authority. The fabric of American empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the *consent of the people*. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure original fountain of all legitimate authority."

Where that empire ought to rest it does rest; and the jealousy of national power which could not prevent the formation of the Union is not likely to destroy it, now that its indispensability for individual welfare and the general prosperity has been revealed to every citizen. What **HENRY CLAY** said in the Senate in 1850 is the simple expression of the thought of every loyal American: "If Kentucky to-morrow unfurls the banner of resistance I never will fight under that banner. I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union—a subordinate one to my own State."

A PLEASANT PROGRAMME.

THE coincidence of the presence of rebel agents upon the frontier and the invasion of Maryland, during the last month, is not without significance. Like desperate gamblers, those gentlemen would try, as occasion served, either to sweep all the stakes into their hungry pockets, or, as actually happened, beg pitifully for a penny. When Washington was severed from communication with the North, the reader may remember the published denial of reports that the President was in New York. Now, if the same reader had any Copperhead sources of information, he knew what the report meant, and what was expected.

Washington was to be taken. The President and Cabinet would escape to Canada; and thereupon the rebel agents would announce to the people of the States that all the Confederacy wanted was the independence which it had shown its ability to maintain, and a favorable treaty. In the vacancy of the Chief Magistracy a Dictator would be inevitable. He would command the armies. There might be some demur—yes, some, possibly—but then the war would break out every where, and its horrors would compel negotiation and peace, and secure the triumph of the rebellion.

Here was a pretty dish to set before a nation! Yet it was supposed by many to be very nearly cooked. There are men in the city of New York, for instance, who sneer at the idea of "conquering the South," but who seriously suppose that "the North" is a great sheep, and they believed that this programme was to be carried out! Doubtless there are many who would like to see it fulfilled, and who would help to fulfill it. But they should reflect that war, which was so inexpressibly awful a word to the people of this country four years ago, has become sadly familiar. They should not forget that we have now the habit of anticipating that insecurity which civil war produces. They should always remember that the cause for which "the North" has given so much of every kind, and in every way, is a deep, earnest, permanent conviction of the vital necessity of Union; and that while their friends defend it in Southern fields they would not shrink from its defense in Northern streets. They should bear in mind that "conservatism" showed its hand in the bloody riots of last year, and that its solemn asseverations of regard for government, and of the fundamental guarantees of civil liberty, are fully illustrated by the light of burning asylums, and in the roaring streets where human beings guilty of dark skins were hunted and massacred, and that these asseverations are valued at their exact worth.

With this experience of "Conservatism," he would be a dull student of history and human nature who was not constantly conscious of the perils and probabilities of a political contest of which "Conservatism" of the New York type is one of the parties—a "Conservatism" which devotes its energies to exciting the jealousy of the State against the nation and the hatred of the most ignorant class of the population, which, in the midst of a civil war involving national existence, declares that the friends of the Government are really responsible for the rebellion, and relying upon the most sordid passions closes its eyes to the permanent welfare to be secured, and points out with speechless horror the vast expenses to be encountered. A "Conservatism" like this, which includes and flatters the most degraded and dangerous population, will put no citizen off his guard. Its existence makes every good citizen a minute-man. Whether it take the shadowy form of a northwestern conspiracy or appear in the bloody reality of a New York riot, it will not be unanticipated. The masks are stripped off. The friends and the enemies of the rebellion are known. The friends may choose to dare much to prevent the election of Mr. Lincoln, and to secure the triumph of the conspiracy, and the final shame and ruin of the Union and Government. But if they are desperate, good citizens are firm. The loyal men of the North are not to be bullied either by threats of battle or by bugbears. They have clearly made up their minds to fight the war through, and they will do so wherever the exigency may demand. How can any sensible Copperhead suppose that a people which has done what "the North" has, during the last three years, is so utterly and ludicrously pusillanimous as to yield in the northwest or the northeast the cause which it disputes in Virginia and Georgia?

AN IMPORTANT BEGINNING.

The University Convocation of New York is an annual meeting of the Regents of the University, and of the Presidents, heads, and teachers of the various colleges and schools of the State subject to the visitation of the Regents, for the purpose of improving by the comparison of experience, by essays and discussions, the standard and methods of education. The Convocation of this year was but the second. Yet it is clear that it is full of promise, if the interest manifested should annually increase and extend, as it is likely to do. A union of the Regents and of all the collegiate and academic experts of the State makes a force which, for its proper purposes, is irresistible. In the Legislature or before the people it would not easily be withstood by the utmost adroitness of the Lobby or the greatest ingenuity of misrepresentation. Such a body, well organized, ought to secure and maintain the noblest system of public instruction possible.

This year the Convocation approached a subject of the greatest general interest and importance. One of the topics announced for consideration was the value of competitive examinations in preparation for public employment, both military and civil. Mr. Henry Barnard, of Hartford, the experienced and accomplished editor of the *American Journal of Education*, made a stirring and vigorous appeal to the Convocation to take some steps toward the accomplishment of so great an object. President Anderson, of the Rochester University, who has recently returned from a collegiate tour in Europe, supported Mr. Barnard with great force. The practical application of their remarks was to the appointments at West Point and the Naval Academy; and the necessity of some such examination, if we would have those academies of the fullest service, is apparent from the last year's report of the Board of Visitors to West Point.

The facts are that the appointments are made by the Representatives in Congress. They are determined by purely personal or political considerations, without regard to the disposition or fitness of the boy. The entering examination is a farce. Every boy of ten years should be able to pass it or be flogged, said Dr. Anderson. Yet, of those who are presented, a large proportion fail in this preliminary examination. Of all who enter not a half graduate, although the intellectual training is not severer than in an excellent female academy, such as Mrs. Willard's, in Troy; and of those who fail, three-fifths break down in the studies of the first year, which are elementary.

Now what should the rule be? Evidently that the boy in every district of the most natural aptitude and of the highest scholarly merit should be appointed. And this could be done if the representative would consent to make his nomination dependent upon the result of an open examination of all such candidates. General Sickles, when in Congress, four years ago, tried the experiment. He gave his appointment to the boy who stood best at the Free Academy, and this year that boy graduated at the head of his class at West Point.

The discussion was most interesting, and resulted in the passage of resolutions recommending such a course, and instructing the Board of Regents to inform our representatives of the action of the Convocation, and to devise some practicable plan to be submitted to them. The Board, in pursuance of the request, appointed a Committee which will not put the matter to sleep. If the Convocation can thus influence one representative in one State, it will have begun a reform of incalculable advantage to the country. For when it becomes the practice of one State it must inevitably extend to all. The principle once illustrated in the military and naval service, as Mr. Sumner's Consular Pupil bill provides for the civil, and we shall have fairly begun the movement which can alone save the Government from the abyss of ignorance and incapacity which will engulf the most righteous theories and the truest principles.

CUNNING OUTWITTED.

In alluding to the peace performance at Niagara Falls Mr. Greeley has said, and it has been repeated by others, that it would have been wiser for the President to have "asked the Confederates to perfect and verify their credentials and then make their proposition." The object of his doing so would have been to allow the rebels to show that they wished nothing short of recognition, or some other equally inadmissible condition.

But Mr. Greeley must surely see that there would be no end to this business. Every time George N. Sanders or Colorado Jewett chooses to announce that a couple of rebels wish to talk about peace, is the President to say that they have only to get authorized and he will hear them? The President has left no doubt of his position. Whenever an authorized proposition is ready to be made the Government is, and always has been, ready to consider it. Mr. Clay, and Mr. Holcombe, and Mr. Greeley knew that perfectly well, and it is folly to imply that the Government hindered their getting authority. If they had really wanted to treat, or had honestly expected any result, does Mr. Greeley suppose they would have come without authority?

The President's reply thwarted their plan. It exposed the fact that they were not willing to seek authority to treat for the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. That is just as evident now as it would have been if they had gone to Washington and proposed a separation and a commercial treaty. The President's honesty, as usual, utterly outwitted diplomacy.

THE APPEAL TO COWARDICE.

The appeal of the Copperheads to cowardice, in order to delay and embarrass recruiting, is natural. But it is a great insult to the spirit and the intelligence of Americans. Thus we read in a late newspaper an extract from a letter of a soldier in the Ninth Corps to show how great the loss had been; and a little sub-editorial remark to the effect that "fine openings for young men is now defined—Graves on the north bank of the Appomattox."

There is something ludicrous and pitiful in telling Americans who are fighting for every thing that makes their name honorable and their liberties secure that they may get hurt. The rebels, it seems, were told the same thing, and a clerical brother of General Longstreet wrote a pamphlet to show how small a chance there is that any individual soldier will be killed. If the apprehension were so general that it was really necessary for such a statement to be made, the condition of the rebel valor would be most promising for the Union cause. And if the Copperhead appeals to cowardice were really likely to prevail, it would be only because we deserved the loss of the liberties which we did not dare to defend.

DEATH OF MRS. GENERAL BARLOW.

In speaking of General Barlow, whose portrait we published a few weeks since, we said that the men of his division would never forgive his biographer who should omit to record the unwearied service in the hospitals and among the wounded and dying soldiers from the beginning of the war to this day, of his faithful and devoted wife, and that for no woman in the land did more earnest prayers ascend from suffering lips and grateful hearts than for Mrs. General Barlow. Those prayers no longer avail. On the 27th of July Mrs. Baplow died in Washington of typhus fever contracted in the military hospital. On the same day her brave husband was driving the enemy from their intrenchments and recapturing some of the guns taken from us last spring. Thus each at the post of duty, the wife dies and the husband makes his life still more illustrious. Amiable, accomplished, admired, beloved, Mrs. Barlow from the first has been among the most eminent of the many heroines in this war whose names are not loudly mentioned, but whose memory will be forever fresh in the grateful heart of their friends and country.

NO MILITARY AUTOCRAT.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has ordered into active military service all the reserve militia between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, and fifty and fifty-five; also all from seventeen to fifty who are exempt from "Confederate conscription;" and, in fine, all who are able to bear arms; and all who respond to the call are to seize and carry off as deserters all who do not. Those who resist, of course, will be shot.

How pleasing, in view of this order, to learn from Mr. Clement C. Clay that if "there be any military autocrat in the North" who can do what the despot Lincoln does, "there is none in the South;" and that "those who control our armies are the servants of the people, not their masters." That will probably be the opinion of any unfortunate Georgian, who, not wishing to see his family starve, is shot for not obeying his servant, Governor Brown.

"THE STONINGTON LINE."

We know by pleasant experience that there are no more agreeable steamers upon the Sound than those of the old "Stonington Line," as it is still called, although within a few years the dangerous and difficult harbor of Stonington has been avoided, and the steamers stop at Groton, opposite New London, whence the railroad skirts the Sound and Narragansett Bay to Providence and Boston. The boats are strong, spacious, well-appointed, and clean. The family accommodations are admirable, especially in regard to communicating state-rooms and private supper-tables. The route winding through the East River to the Sound, and across its pleasantest part to the Thames River, is delightful, and as little exposed as possible. You escape the tedium and discomfort of the angry Point Judith, and are in Boston betimes. The "Stonington Line" has many rivals, but no superiors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Our military record this week is chiefly concerned with General Grant's unsuccessful assault on Petersburg, Saturday, July 30.

For six weeks preparations had been making for a grand assault on the enemy's lines. The point to be gained was Cemetery Hill, a commanding position both in regard to the other rebel fortifications and the town of Petersburg itself. This hill, on the east side of Petersburg, was about 800 yards distant from our lines. It was approached by regular lines, according to the usual process of a siege. The resistance to be overcome was great, the position being made as strong as possible both by nature and art. In order to break the centre of the rebel lines at this point, a battery of the rebels occupying a salient point was undermined. The mine was 400 feet long, with two galleries constructed from the main passage-way, and was charged with eight tons of powder. To divert Lee's attention to the north side of the James, operations were conducted on a large scale threatening Richmond from General Foster's position at Deep Bottom, three miles from Malvern Hill. General Foster had held a position here for some weeks, his flanks being protected by gun-boats. A bridge stretched across the James at this point to Jones's Neck. Thursday night, the 21st, a second bridge was thrown across, at Strawberry Plains, just below Deep Bottom, and the next morning a few regiments of the Nineteenth Corps crossed to hold the head of the bridge. The enemy became alarmed, and there was considerable skirmishing from the 23d to the 26th, when Grant threw over Hancock's corps and three divisions of cavalry—two under Sheridan and one under Kautz. To make his threat in this direction more formidable, he sent across, on Friday, 400 wagons of the Sixth Corps. This led Lee to plant a force of from 15,000 to 20,000 north of the James. That night the Second Corps recrossed the river, and were ready to co-operate in the assault on Saturday.

Our lines on Saturday morning at 1 o'clock were disposed to suit the contemplated movement. The Ninth Corps held the centre, with the Eighteenth massed in the rear. Warren's (Fifth) corps held the left in support. The signal for the assault was to be the explosion of the mine, at 3½ o'clock, when a cannonade was to be opened from every cannon along the line, and the Ninth Corps was to charge through the gap laid open by the explosion.

If the mine had been exploded at the time set, the disposition and movements of our troops would have been covered in darkness; but there was a delay, and it was not till after light, at 4 o'clock and 40 minutes, that the signal was given, and the enemy was partially forewarned. The explosion was terrific; the battery (6 guns) was blown up, and a North Carolina regiment, acting as garrison, was buried in the chasm. Then the artillery opened all along the line and the charge was made, Ledlie's Division of Burnside's Corps in the advance. The Second Brigade, Colonel Marshall, led the Division, followed by the First, Colonel W. F. Bartlett, and then by the Third, Colonel Gould. The Fourth Division of the Corps, all negroes, pushed on in the rear of these three brigades. The Fourteenth New York Artillery were the first to enter the breach; seizing two of the rebel guns left in the ruins, these were turned against the enemy. The three assailing columns then pushed up toward the crest of the hill, but were driven back. Then the colored troops pressed up and broke. The rebel artillery slackened, and the enemy made a charge and were themselves repulsed. The assault was then given up.

The loss was very severe considering the troops engaged. The entire loss will probably reach to between 2000 and 3000. General Bartlett and staff were captured, also Colonel Wild.

The rebels lost heavily, in the explosion and in the charge; we captured about 500.

There is little additional news from General Sherman. On the 26th, Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, issued a congratulatory order to the army, stating that in the battle of the 20th the total Union loss was 1733, while in front of the Twentieth Corps alone 6000 rebels were put out of combat. The Second Division of Howard's Corps (Newton's Division) repulsed seven separate assaults. In the battle of the 22d the Union loss was 3500 men and 10 pieces of artillery. We captured 3200 prisoners; the enemy left 2142 dead in front of the Army of the Tennessee alone; 18 stands of colors and 5000 stands of arms were captured by our troops. In this battle Hardee's Corps got in the rear of M'Pherson's army. M'Pherson was at Sherman's head-quarters when he heard of it, and in riding back was killed. At the time of the attack the Seventeenth Corps was on the left of the railroad, the Fifteenth on the right, with the Sixteenth in reserve. The rebels, flanking Blair, succeeded in capturing a battery on the extreme left. Logan, assuming the command after M'Pherson's death, made a charge and recaptured the battery. Our loss here was about 2000; but that of the rebels was much greater, as they were exposed to the artillery of other portions of the line bearing upon them from commanding positions. Hardee's Corps had previously occupied Hooker's front.

The battle of the 28th was an assault in force on the Fifteenth Corps, and appears to have resulted in as complete a defeat of the rebels as that of the 22d. Six hundred and forty-two dead rebels were buried by our forces after that battle.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

Early finding that Crook was disturbing his prospect of harvests in the Shenandoah, turned back upon him on the 23d, and fought him a short distance beyond Winchester, with a force which Crook estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000 strong. Crook was defeated, losing nearly 1000 men. Colonel Mulligan was killed. After this the rebels took Martinsburg. Since the capture of this place nothing has occurred of any importance, except the raid of a few hundred cavalry to Chambersburg. This party burned the better portion of the town, destroying over two millions' worth of property. Averill at the latest advices was pursuing these wicked fellows.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

In Egypt, when a death occurred in a family, "the right thing to do" was to send for the doctor. The medical gentlemen of the day had not only the privilege of dosing and scarifying people when alive; but even when dead "vile bodies" had another ordeal to undergo at their hands.

When the doctor came he had to show his skill, not to bring back the dead man or woman to life again, but to adopt every precaution that he or she should do no such thing; or, if he or she did, he or she should be of very little use. The doctor had first to extract the brain through the nostrils with a curved probe, to make the head as empty as possible—supposing the head not to be empty already—and then to put in certain drugs. An incision being made in the side of the corpse, the intestines were drawn out, washed in palm wine, and covered with powdered aromatics. Sometimes they were restored to the body; sometimes deposited in vases and laid in the same tomb. The body itself was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia, and other fragrant substances, and sewn up. This being done, it was kept in natron for seventy days; then washed and wrapped in linen, of which a thousand yards were occasionally used. Thus prepared it was removed by the relations, placed in a wooden coffin, and, in the case of a wife or husband, retained at home until the time came for the second of the pair to undergo the same process, and then both were deposited together in a vault. A respectable funeral, thus carried out, would cost altogether more than $1000.

The northern peoples of Asia and Europe, in ancient times, exhibit the most curious peculiarities as regards the treatment of the dead. Thus in Thibet, even to this day, dogs are the sepulchres. Here the most complimentary of all burials is to cut the body in pieces and giving these to be eaten by the dogs. The poor have as their only mausoleum the common vagabond dogs of the locality; but the more distinguished defunct are treated with greater ceremony; for in the Lamaseries a number of dogs are kept, and within them the rich Thibetans are buried. Henceforth let no man despise the fate of "going to the dogs."

Among the many eccentricities which have been displayed in will-making the two following instances are noticeable. Mr. Gilbert, well known as an English writer on the banking system, left a large sum of money to be invested as follows: first, in the erection of a monument to himself; secondly, in the circulation of his works; and, thirdly, in the circulation of his likeness among his business acquaintances. Another English gentleman, Mr. Hartley, founder of the Hartley Institute at Southampton, directed in his will that a room in that building should be devoted solely and exclusively to the preservation of his mother's wardrobe and furniture. And there are to be seen to-day the articles used by an English merchant's wife of a century ago—bonnets, dresses, shoes, tapestry, fans, drawers, china, chairs, etc., making altogether a most singular collection.

The whale was not pursued by the ancients; five hundred years ago whales abounded in every sea. The great demand for oil and whalebone of late years, however, has caused such destruction of whales that they are disappearing from numerous parts of the ocean. They were once numerous in the Mediterranean, but are now no longer so. They live on soft gelatinous mollusks in which the sea abounds, which must have increased enormously, owing to the destruction of whales. It is to the increase of these small organisms that the phosphorescence of the Mediterranean Sea is attributed.

The late King of Wurtemburg announced in his will that nothing was more annoying to him during his life than ceremonies and etiquette, and that he does not wish to be visited with them after his death. He therefore begged that his body might not be laid out in state and buried with grand solemnities: "those who know me will find this natural, and the curious must pardon me for having robbed them of the pleasure of gaping at empty ceremonies." He desired that his body might leave the palace at night with a few attendants, and be buried on the Rothenberg, the time being so chosen that the procession should arrive there with the first rays of the sun.

The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trowsers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt, and a sheep-skin coat, a coarse camlet caftan bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the moojik, whose entire equipment may cost about ten rubles (thirty shillings), the sheep-skin being the most expensive article. Ten shillings would buy a common female costume, which consists of a sarafan (or long petticoat), held by straps which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequently strips of cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot; for outdoor wear a quilted jacket is added to these, and when circumstances will permit, a salope or long cloak in the German fashion.

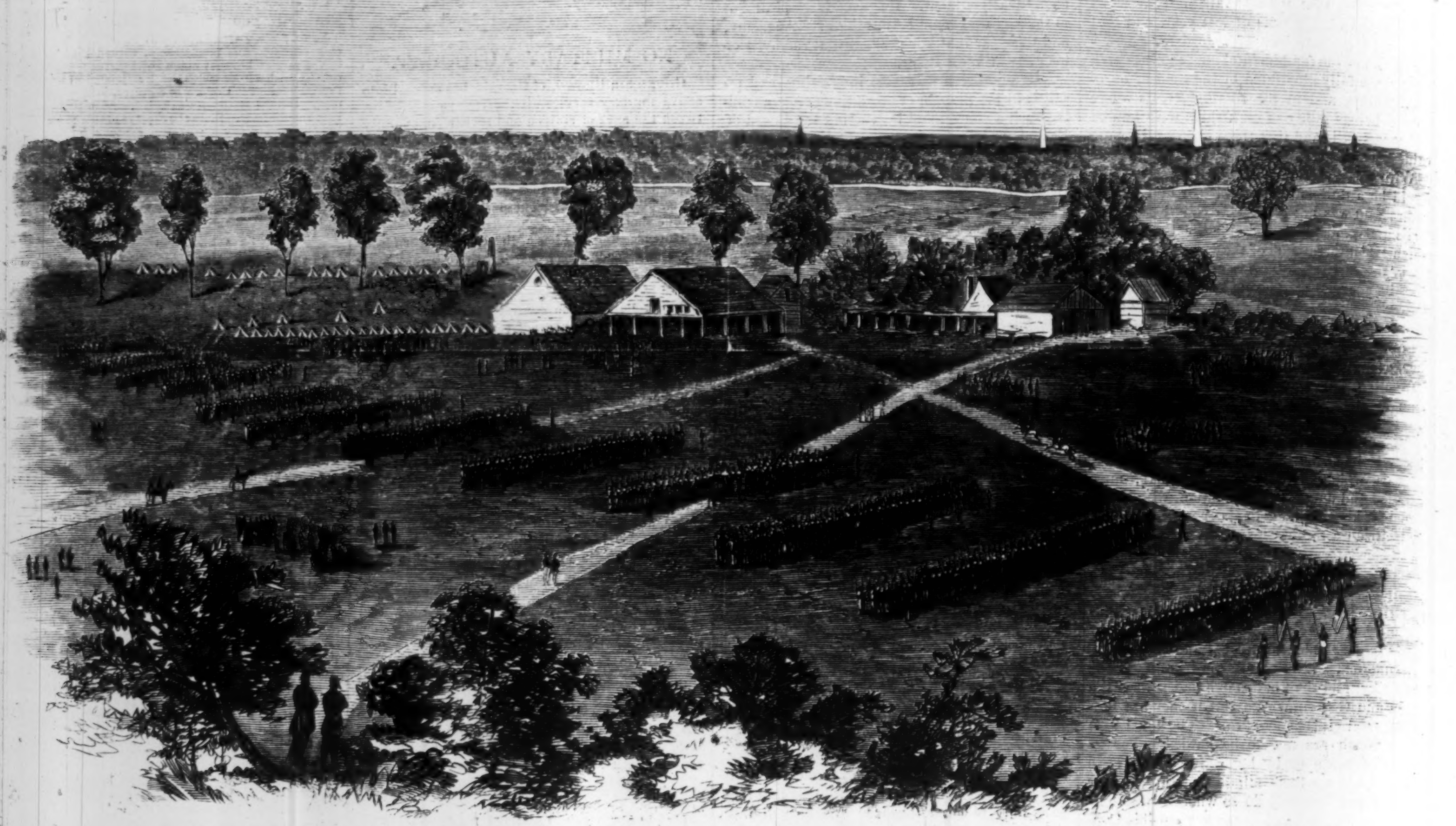
In Lower Saxony the young girls gather sprigs of St. John's wort on the eve of St. John, and secretly suspend them on the walls of their chambers, with certain mysterious ceremonies. The state of the plant on the following morning indicates their future lot. If fresh and undrooping, it foretells a prosperous marriage; if fading and dying, the reverse. The plant is influenced by the condition in which it is placed, and those who have damp walls are the more likely to have prosperous marriages than those whose walls are as dry as they should be.

In Paris there are said to be sixty thousand persons who wake in the morning without knowing whether they will have any thing to eat during the day.

Housewives in northern England prevent the loss of heat when their tea is brewing by putting over it a kind of cap made of woolen, which they call a "cosy." The use of this, especially where, as in *hard* water places, the tea needs a good time to brew, is very beneficial. The tea is thus kept twenty degrees warmer.

Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets—they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or bush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

A new spider has been discovered at the Ararat diggings, Australia. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of very dark green and gray. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are fifty entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.



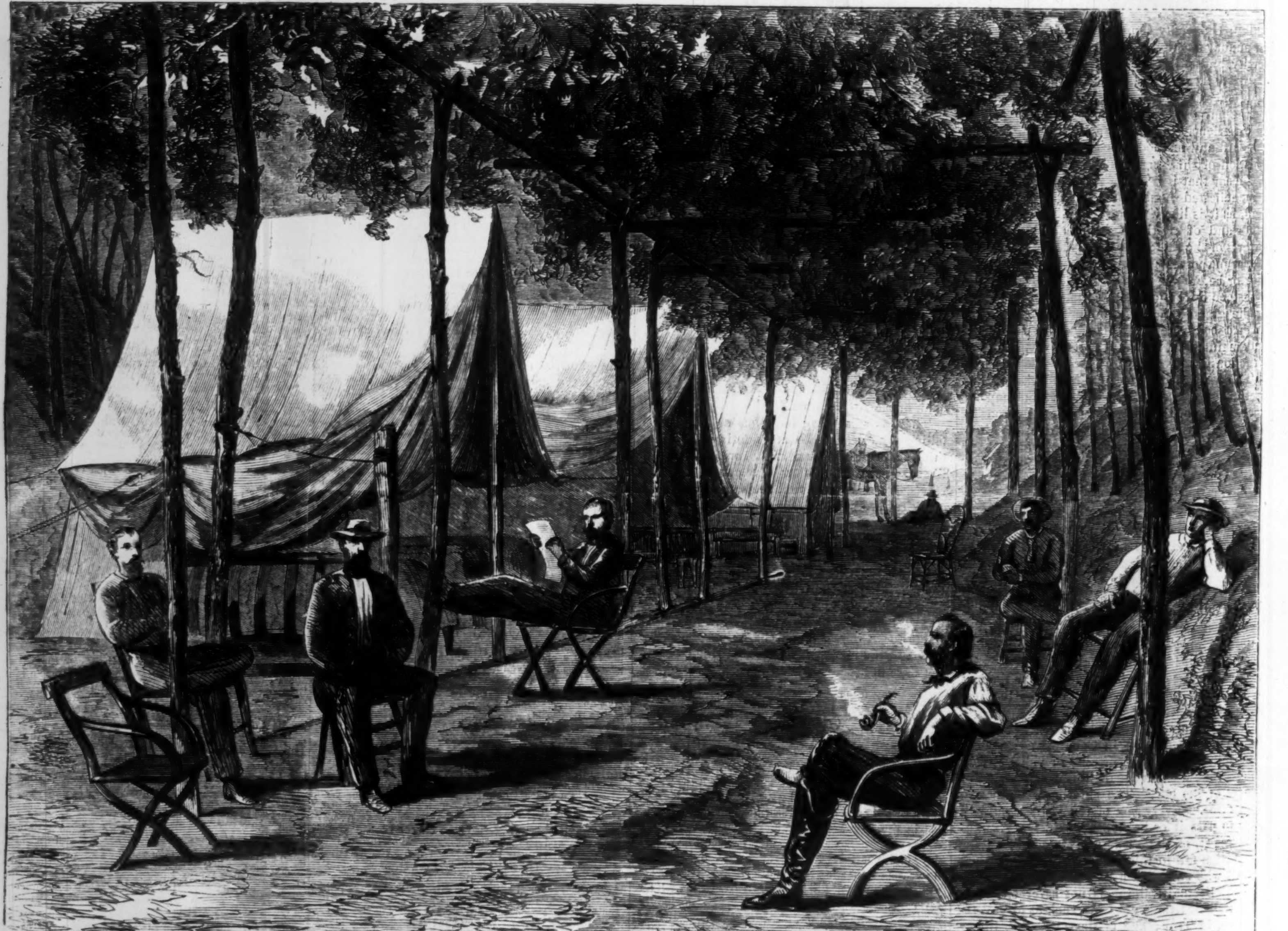
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—INSPECTION OF THE SECOND PENNSYLVANIA, COLONEL GIBSON.—[Sketched by William Waud.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

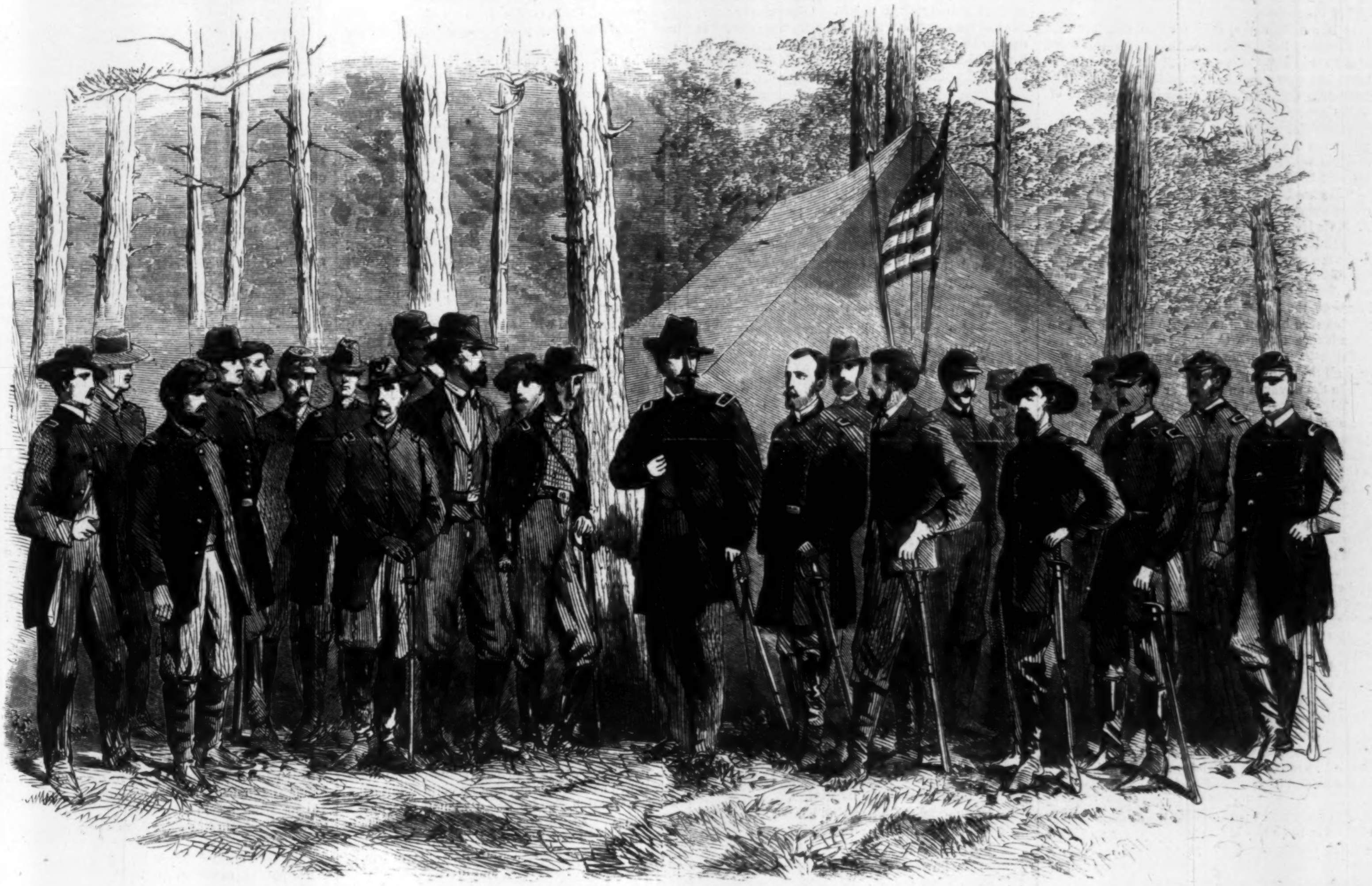
We give on this and the next page, and on pages 520 and 521, several sketches relating to the Army of the Potomac and General Grant's campaign.

General Stannard's Head-quarters, illustrated on this page, is one of the most delightful places within the lines, although only a hundred yards from the enemy's front, and a considerable distance in advance of General Smith's head-quarters. It is situated in a little ravine, with a brook running at each end, and in the hottest days it is clear of dust and refreshingly cool. The birds build their nests in the trees overhead, and the squirrels play around the quarters just as if they were not within reach of whistling bullets and bursting shells. General Stannard commands the First Division of the Eighteenth Corps.

We give also on this page a sketch representing the Inspection of the Second Pennsylvania



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL STANNARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL HANCOCK AND STAFF.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Artillery by General Ames, as seen from General Smith's head-quarters. This regiment is one of the largest in the service, numbering, when it left Washington, over three thousand men. It is commanded by Colonel A. A. Gibson, who has the rank of Major in the Third United States Artillery.

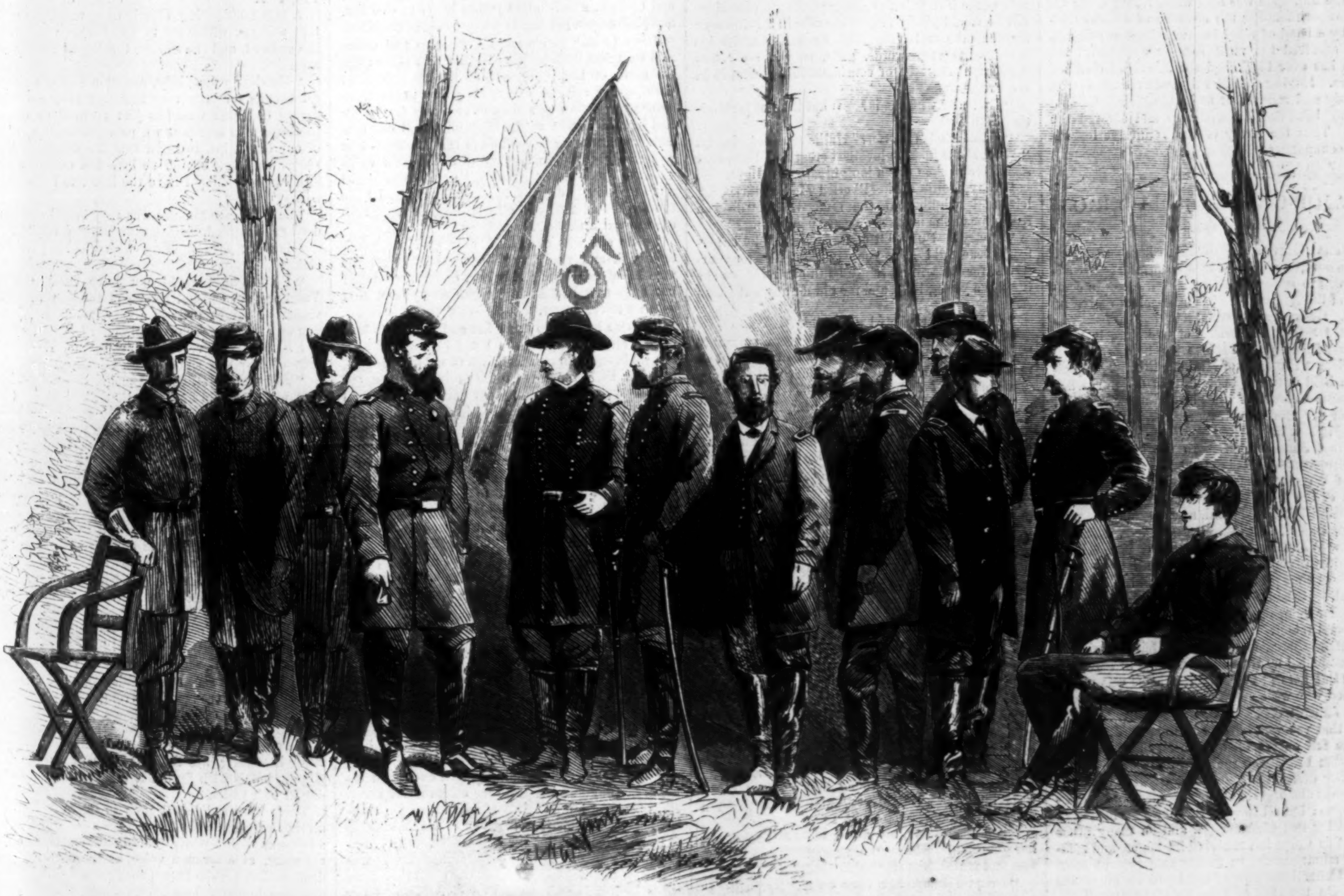
On this page two illustrations are given, taken from photographs by Brady; they represent Generals Hancock and Warren surrounded by officers of their staff.

On pages 520 and 521 we publish a view of Petersburg as seen from Captain Davis's Battery, First Connecticut Artillery—a portion of the battery appearing in the fore-ground. This battery is situated on the Appomattox River in front of the Eighteenth Corps; it is armed with 30-pound Parrott guns and eight-inch mortars, and completely commands the city. The woods in front and on the flanks are occupied by the enemy's sharp-shooters. The Eighteenth Corps up to Thursday, July 28, held the extreme right of Grant's lines.

MAJOR-GENERAL M‘PHERSON.

James B. M‘Pherson, Major-General of Volunteers and Brigadier-General of the Regular Army, whose Portrait we give on our first page, was born in Sandusky, Ohio, November, 1828. He graduated at West Point in the year 1853, standing at the head of a class which numbered among its members the rebel Generals Hood, Walker, and Ross; General Schofield, Commander of the Army of the Cumberland; General W. S. Smith, General R. O. Tyler, General Sheridan, General Terril, who fell at Perryville; and Gill, who was killed at Stone River. Entering the army as Second Lieutenant of Engineers, he was immediately, although hardly twenty-five years of age, appointed as an assistant instructor of practical engineering at West Point. In 1854 he was employed as assistant-engineer on the New York harbor defenses; in 1857 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware; also the fortifications on Alcatrus Island, San Francisco Bay, California. December 13, 1858, he was appointed First Lieutenant, and until August, 1861, was engaged as Chief of Engineers on the Pacific Coast.

When General Halleck assumed the command of the Department of the West he selected M‘Pherson as an Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was Grant's Chief Engineer in the operations against Forts Henry and Donelson, and also against Vicksburg. May 15, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the following summer superintended the military railroads in the Department of West Tennessee. When our army at Corinth was cut off from its supplies, in October of that year, he succeeded in bringing up reinforcements to its as-



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN AND STAFF.—[Photographed by Brady.]

sistance, and for this service was made Major-General of Volunteers.

It is not, however, merely as an engineer that M'Pherson has distinguished himself in this war; now he was appointed to guard the rear in a retreat, and now to lead an assault. He and Sherman were Grant's great allies in the capture of Vicksburg.

When General Grant recommended his various officers to the Government for promotion for their services at Vicksburg, he wrote as follows about General M'Pherson:

"He has been with me in every battle since the commencement of the rebellion, except Belmont. At Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth, as a staff officer and engineer, his services were conspicuous and highly meritorious. At the second battle of Corinth his skill as a soldier was displayed in successfully carrying reinforcements to the besieged garrison, when the enemy was between him and the point to be reached. In the advance through Central Mississippi General M'Pherson commanded one wing of the army with all the ability possible to show, he having the lead in the advance and the rear retiring. In the campaign and siege terminating with the fall of Vicksburg, General M'Pherson has filled a conspicuous part. At the battle of Port Gibson it was under his direction that the enemy was driven, late in the afternoon, from a position they had succeeded in holding all day against an obstinate attack. His corps, the advance always under his immediate eye, were the pioneers in the movement from Port Gibson to Hawkinson's Ferry. From the North Fork of the Bayou Pierre to Black River it was a constant skirmish, the whole skillfully managed. The enemy was so closely pressed as to be unable to destroy their bridge of boats after them. From Hawkinson's Ferry to Jackson the Seventeenth Army Corps marched roads not traveled by other troops, fighting the entire battle of Raymond alone, and the bulk of Johnston's army was fought by this corps, entirely under the management of General M'Pherson. At Champion's Hill the Seventeenth Corps and General M'Pherson were conspicuous. All that could be termed a battle there was fought by the divisions of General M'Pherson's corps and General Hovey's division of the Thirteenth Corps. In the assault of the 22d of May on the fortifications of Vicksburg, and during the entire siege, General M'Pherson and his command took unfading laurels. He is one of the ablest engineers and most skillful Generals. I would respectfully, but urgently recommend his promotion to the position of Brigadier-General in the regular army."

The appointment was given to date from August 1, 1863.

On the 12th of March, 1864, on the promotion of Lieutenant-General Grant to the command of the United States armies, and General Sherman to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, General M'Pherson was placed in command of the Army and Department of the Tennessee, embracing the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Army Corps.

In Sherman's advance on Atlanta M'Pherson has conducted some of the most gigantic flank movements of the war. At Powder Spring, near Dallas, he obtained an important victory, driving the enemy and inflicting on him a loss of 2500 killed and wounded. After crossing the Chattahoochee he held the extreme right of Sherman's army at Decatur, and was here killed in the battle of Friday, the 22d. He was shot while riding along his lines, superintending the advance of his skirmish line, by a band of rebel bushwhackers in ambush. Then occurred the most notably disgraceful act which has ever blackened the annals of civilized warfare. Having shot M'Pherson, the rebels took the body and stripped it of its clothing. Colonel Strong, however, led a charge and secured the body. Thus the Army of the Tennessee lost its brave commander.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.

General Oliver O. Howard, whose portrait we give on our first page, and who, according to late advices, was to succeed General M'Pherson in command of the Army of the Tennessee, is a native of Maine. He entered West Point in the year 1850, was brevetted Second Lieutenant of Ordnance in 1854, and First Lieutenant in 1857, when he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics. This position he held until the beginning of the war, when he became Colonel of the Third Maine Regiment. Many of our readers will remember the march of this regiment in Canada gray uniform through Broadway, June 6, 1861. In the battle of Bull Run Howard's brigade stood side by side with those of Wilcox, Franklin, and Sherman in the hottest of the fight. Six weeks afterward he was appointed Brigadier-General, at the same time with Meade, Casey, M'Cook, Richardson, Milroy, and Lew Wallace. In the battle of Chancellorsville Howard commanded the Eleventh Corps, having a short time previously been appointed a Major-General. He had been in all the great battles of the Peninsular Campaign, where he had given evidence of unusual talent. At Antietam he took the command of Sedgwick's Division after that General had been compelled by two severe wounds to leave the field. But here at Chancellorsville he was placed over men who were not known to him, and his task was a difficult one. It was upon this Eleventh Corps that the weight of Stonewall Jackson's advance fell on the memorable 2d of May, 1863. A German brigade on the right gave way. Division after division broke and fled. Howard was left almost alone. He begged his men, and threatened them; but all in vain, the day was lost. At Gettysburg and Chattanooga, and on many other fields, this Corps has retrieved its honor, and compelled admiration. In Sherman's present campaign General Howard has played an important part. On the 19th of June he wrested from the enemy an important position, which, in an attempt to retake, the rebels lost nearly a thousand men without gaining their object. General Howard has lost his right arm in his country's service. It used to be a joke between him and Kearney, who had lost his left arm, that, as a matter of economy, they might purchase their gloves together.

SWEET FACES.

Child-faces round us beaming,
How wonderful they are!
Although so common-seeming,
Yet each a perfect star;
In every crowded city
These new conceits have birth,
And thoughts of God in pity
Are thus express'd on Earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,
If she's at work or play,
Whatever she is doing,
She leads my mind away
To where bright birds are winging
Swift flight from tree to tree,
And songs to her are singing,
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,
Now nearly ten years old,
So quaint and so old-maidy,
So shy, and yet so bold;
In all she says so clever,
In all she does so kind,
And sunlight shines forever
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,
I think she can not frown,
That smile is so beguiling,
Oh, could I write it down!
Oh! could I to these pages
The perfect charm impart,
To bind through all the ages
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished
That seemed to us divine,
From one delight we're banished,
Yet are not left to pine;
For freely in all places,
As flowers from the sod,
Spring up these childish faces,
So bountiful is God!

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S STORY.

I.

"A new scholar, girls, and for our room, too!"

It was study-hour in Room A, but as Hallie Parker ran in, breathless with haste, books were pushed aside and study suspended while all discussed the news she brought.

"I saw her in Dr. Esling's office just now."

"But are you sure she is to be a boarder, Hallie?"

"Quite sure, Carry. Her father is with her, at least I presume it is her father, and while Miss Esling was giving me my theme-book, I heard the Professor say to him, 'It was contrary to the general rule of the institution to admit pupils after October, but he would gladly violate the rule in this instance for the sake of having Miss Katharine under his care.' His very words, girls, so you see 'Miss Katharine' must be of considerable importance in the Professor's eyes."

"I wonder who she is? What kind of person is she, Hallie?"

"What kind of person?" Hallie repeated, slowly. "Well, she is just the loveliest creature I have ever seen!"—and she drew a long breath of delight.

"Why, Hallie Parker!" cried Mollie Harris, my left-hand neighbor at the study-table, "do you really mean she is pretty, or are you jesting?"

"Pretty! Not a bit of it, Mollie. She is perfectly beautiful! But you will soon judge for yourselves, for she will certainly be in our room, as she is quite a young lady, and too old for any but Room A."

"Quite a young lady! Horrible!"

Carry Burns, the madcap of the room, sprang to her feet in dismay. Poor Carry had received so many lectures for unladylike conduct that the very name of *young lady* had grown distasteful.

"Quite a young lady, and beautiful besides! What shall we do with the creature? I dare say she will be wanting to rule the room by virtue of her airs and graces. Oh dear! I wish 'Miss Katharine' had staid at home!"

"And so do I," Mollie Harris agreed. "It is really too provoking to have a stranger break in upon our pleasant room-company just as we have got nicely settled for the term. I *wish* she had staid at home!"

And so did we all; but our council was abruptly ended by the sound of coming footsteps.

"Quick, girls, to your places! Miss Esling is coming!"

It was only Bridget on her nightly round with the lights, but our governess soon followed. As the clock struck eight books and maps were exchanged for our work-baskets, and as we resumed our seats Miss Esling said:

"You are to have a new room-mate, girls, as I suppose Hallie has told you. You were in papa's office while Katharine was there, were you not?"

"Yes, ma'am," Hallie replied. "Dr. Esling was talking with the young lady's father about receiving 'Miss Katharine,'" and Hallie threw a comical look across the table.

"Not her father, my dear; the gentleman was her guardian. She is an orphan, doubly so, fatherless and motherless since childhood."

"Do you know her very well, Miss Esling?" Carry ventured to ask, finding our governess so unusually communicative.

"Not at all, Carry, but papa knew her parents, and esteemed them very highly. I think you will find Katharine a very pleasant addition to our little circle."

"She is quite a young lady, Hallie says, Miss Esling." Carry's voice was quite tremulous, and as Miss Esling replied, with her glance turned smilingly on the questioner, that "Katharine was decidedly more of a young lady than some of us," her eyes sought the floor, and her face vibrated between amusement and vexation. Her love of fun got the better of her, however, and she led in the laugh that followed at her expense. The laugh was quickly silenced as the door opened, and Dr. Esling entering, announced,

"Miss Katharine Veighn, young ladies. I bring you your new charge, daughter; I am sure she will not be a troublesome one. Girls, I commend Miss Katharine to your kindness, trusting you will make Room A very pleasant for her."

As our principal withdrew we resumed our seats, and the new-comer advanced to receive the cordial greeting of our governess. I sat nearest to her, and I feared to look up lest I should meet her eye; but the looks and gestures of admiration passing around the table told me that Hallie Parker had for once at least not exaggerated. Presently,

"Phebe, I will assign Katharine to you as a partner. You are the only one not mated, I believe."

As I rose, Miss Esling presented me to her.

"This is Miss Phebe Warner, Katharine. She will show you to your room to lay aside your wrappings."

The young lady's hat and cloak were soon removed, and passing her little white hands carelessly over her dark hair, Katharine announced herself ready to go down.

Once at the table with us, the young stranger strove to enter into our employments. Having no work for her, I applied to Hallie, introducing her, and indeed all the girls, by name. Hallie found a skein of silk, and Katharine held it while the owner wound.

Then, at last, I could look at her.

How beautiful—oh, how beautiful was Katharine Veighn! Tall, slender, graceful in figure, almost faultless in face, with a queenly stateliness of manner, joined with a winning grace a child might have worn, Katharine Veighn was a woman to win admiration, other than that of a few romantic school-girls—a woman to be loved and honored as queens are loved and honored—a woman, whom to win, a king might well risk crown and life.

All this I thought as I watched the classic head, with its heavy coils of black hair, bending slightly over the tangled skein; the large dark eyes shining softly beneath their long black lashes; the clear, pale complexion, with its delicate flush as she spoke or smiled; the perfect mouth with its lovely, childlike smile, and its proud curve when at rest. How beautiful beyond words, how stately, how gracious was Katharine Veighn!

The tangled skein—ah, yes! that was how we came to see it. Katharine slipped the skein from her left hand, carefully, so as not to increase the entanglement, and picked patiently at an obstinate knot. Just then, Mollie Harris touched my arm; I looked up and caught, as her hand moved, the fitful sparkle of a superb diamond ring, "on the engagement finger, too," as Mollie whispered in my ear, at the first opportunity. I dreamed of her that night, as a princess throned in purple and ermine, and thought a fair-haired prince knelt to woo her, and placed upon her hand a jeweled ring of betrothal.

Days passed, and weeks; Christmas had come, and we knew little more of Katharine Veighn; little more of her inner self, of her thoughts, her dreams, her secrets. Outwardly her noble character grew before us and upon us every day. We had learned almost at the beginning that our new companion was far beyond us in scholarship. She was richly gifted, and every gift had been cultivated to the utmost. Indeed, I never knew a girl more religiously devoted to self-culture; and I use the adverb advisedly, for in its highest sense self-culture was a part of her religion.

To us she was ever kind, ever gracious, good-tempered, and ready to oblige. During all the months of our living together, in fact, we never but once saw Katharine Veighn angry, and that *once* we never forgot.

Thus we learned to know her and learned to love her as few school-girls are loved by their fellows, but we learned no more. Most of us, girl-fashion, had our little romances more or less earnest, our little heart-secrets, tinging our daily life with that delicious rose-color only found in the balmy air of early youth. Of these Katharine had, or seemed to have, none. To our glowing visions of the future she often listened, adding now and then a touch of her own bright fancy; but of love, lover, or marriage, with respect to herself, she never spoke; and with all her graciousness of manner there was always about her a sort of stately dignity that forbade question.

So we came to think her proud and cold, misjudging her as the world too oft, alas! misjudges her sisters. Even Mollie Harris, with all her talent for weaving the brightest Goblin of fancy out of the veriest cobweb of fact, could build no airy castle for Katharine Veighn.

"I tell you, girls, she is not like other women. She is too proud to love any ordinary man, and there are no heroes nowadays. That ring is a gift from some one else; who knows? perhaps it was her mother's."

One peculiarity of Katharine's was, that she held in utter abhorrence what women know by the name of "fancy-work." No animal myth ever grew beneath her fingers; her taste for colors never reveled in brilliant lamp-mats, watch-cases, or pin-cushions. Her idle hours were given to the making up of hospital clothing for our sick and wounded brothers in the field. This quaint "fancy-work" was matter of surprise and gossip at first; but the young girl's loving loyalty soon won converts, and her heavy flannels and muslins employed many dainty fingers besides her own. And this brings me to tell of the only time we ever saw Katharine really, thoroughly angry.

It was several days before Christmas. The town was thronged with strangers, many of whom went through the school to look at the decorations with which the dear old place is always decked at Christmas-tide. On this evening we were busily employed, some of us in completing our little Christmas gifts, the rest in finishing the last of the hospital clothing for the Christmas-box Katharine had persuaded Room A to fill for "our brave boys" in one of the Washington hospitals. As for her, she was all life this evening; we had never seen her so animated or so beautiful. Our conversation was growing momentarily livelier, when the entrance of Dr. Esling with a party of visitors quieted us, and a sudden silence settled down upon our little group.

Among the party was a young lawyer of the town, an ineffably vain youth, who was an ardent admirer of our "Ice Lady," as Mollie Harris called Katharine Veighn. Now he approached her at once, with his profoundest bow, thinking, doubtless, to seize this golden opportunity to impress her obdurate heart. After a few commonplaces the young gentleman remarked,

"You ladies are very industrious, Miss Veighn. Making gifts, I presume, for the dear friends at home. Ah, how happy must they be to receive gifts from so fair a hand!" Then bending to examine Katharine's work, which she had just laid down, "but what is this, Miss Veighn? Certainly not a Christmas favor."

"No, Mr. Laird, not a Christmas favor but a Christmas debt, abundantly owed, poorly paid. My friends and I, Sir, are preparing hospital stores for our sick and wounded."

"Oh, Miss Veighn, you surprise me! But I presume it is one of Dr. Esling's odd whims."

"Pray, Sir, if I may inquire, how do I surprise you?"

The words were spoken with Katharine Veighn's usual courtesy, but the crimson flush was stealing over her cheek, and the childlike winsomeness was fast vanishing from her lips, leaving only the proud curve in its stead.

"Can you ask, Miss Veighn? Can you wonder that it pains and surprises me to see your delicate hands roughened upon coarse garments for those vulgar wretches in the hospitals yonder? Let *them* clothe them who send them. *You* have no interest in this miserable war, or in the low-born fellows who are fighting in it! *You* are too—"

He paused, in doubt—in dread.

Katharine's tall figure was drawn to its full height, her beautiful, proud face was terrible in its boundless contempt. One hand raised to her swelling throat, as if to keep down the indignation that labored for utterance, she stood for a moment silent, while her eyes surveyed the young gentleman, measuredly, from head to foot. At last, throwing more of scathing scorn into her look and tone than Portia ever did, she said only,

"Heaven made him, so let him pass for a man!" and swept to the other side of the room with the air of an outraged empress. The unhappy exponent of Northern vulgarity stood a moment in doubt, I thought, whether or not to make an attempt at propitiation; but finding that the strangers had gathered around us unnoticed, and had evidently heard the whole colloquy, he hastily withdrew amidst the laughter of the gentlemen, including even the grave Professor.

A tall, fine-looking, elderly man, wearing a military undress, whispered to Dr. Esling, who bowed his consent, and the officer, turning to Katharine, said,

"My dear young lady, accept a soldier's warmest thanks for your very thorough rebuke to the young coxcomb who has just relieved us of his presence. It atones to us, poor fellows, for many of our hardships, to know that the daughters and sisters we leave behind us love the cause we are fighting for. May I have the honor to know your name?"

The girl's countenance was very bright and tender as she replied, "Katharine Veighn, Sir."

His dark face lighting with pleasure, he exclaimed,

"I thought I could not have erred! Miss Veighn, I am Colonel R——, of the —st Pennsylvania. I return to it in a very few days. Have you any message for my regiment?"

His tone was very significant, and Katharine blushed deeply as she faltered,

"Tell them—tell them, Colonel R——, that I—that we—have not forgotten them."

She gave him her hand as she spoke, and they talked for a few minutes in a tone too low for our ears amidst the hum of general conversation.

As the party left Katharine sank into a chair and sat, with listless hands and dreamy face, until aroused by Miss Esling's summons to prepare for retiring.

As my head touched the pillow that memorable night Mollie Harris's arms stole around my neck, and drawing my ear close to her lips she whispered,

"I've got the clew at last, Phebe Warner, and it *is* an engagement ring after all. The happy man is in Colonel R——'s regiment—she is a woman like the rest of us, only a thousand times nobler and better, bless her heart!"

I fell asleep, thinking drowsily of the insatiable curiosity of my sex, and wondering whether Mollie's surmises were right or wrong.

II.

May was looking her last upon the blossoms already hastening into the lap of June, when Spring, joining hands with Summer, brought us that dark day at Fair Oaks.

There were sad hearts then in Room A, and of all the saddest was Katharine Veighn's. She moved among us with a white, scared face, starting at every noise, at a strange voice, at the opening of a door, as though she feared to meet a spirit. In a few days, however, her face grew brighter, her manner more composed, she was once more her usual self, and began to cheer our sorrowings over the sad disasters to our arms with prophecies of a speedy and glorious retrieving.

One day at noon, as Miss Esling was about laying down her paper, she said, sadly:

"Another long list of killed and wounded, girls. Many of them are Pennsylvanians, too, poor fellows!"

After reading the names she resumed her work, and Carry Burns asked:

"May I call Katharine Veighn, Miss Esling, if you please? I know she would like to see the list."

"Certainly, Carry. You will find her in the music-room yonder, I think," nodding toward a door, standing ajar.

Carry entered, but started back with a wild cry:

"Oh, Miss Esling, she is dead!"

In a moment we were in the next room. Katharine was kneeling by the music-stool, her head and outstretched arms fallen forward upon it. Her face was livid, and her hands cold as death.

Silencing our outcries with the assurance "it was only a swoon," our governess dispatched some of us for Dr. Esling and the school-physician; some for water and restoratives. As for me, as Miss Esling held Katharine in her arms, I knelt beside her, chafing and kissing the cold, cold fingers.

At last, after long effort, we won her back to life. The deathlike pallor gave way slowly to living warmth and brightness, as the rich blood awoke from its deep slumber, and presently, with a long, shuddering sigh, she opened her eyes and looked around upon our anxious faces. She tried to rise, but, succeeding, was glad to sink into an arm-chair's shelter.

Miss Esling asked, kindly,

"My dear child, how did this happen? Why did you not call when you first were feeling ill?"

"I could not—I did not know."

The words were fairly gasped, as if with mortal agony, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Are you in pain, Miss Katharine?"

The physician waited a moment, then repeated his question. Rousing herself she looked up into the kind old man's face.

"In no physical pain, thank you, Sir. I think I will go to my room for a little while, however."

All hastened to assist her, but she declined.

"Thank you, Miss Esling, thank you, girls, you are all very kind, but if Phebe will give me her arm I shall get up very nicely."

I sprang to offer it, crying like the rest, for the utter unnaturalness of this meek, sad manner fell upon our hearts with a chilling dread. As we reached the sleeping-hall she stopped and kissed me.

"Thank you, child, I do not need you any longer."

I insisted upon waiting to see her comfortably in bed, but with a negative gesture she passed in and locked the door.

The girls met me at the foot of the staircase with troubled looks; and Carry asked, eagerly:

"Did you notice, as Miss Esling read that list, several names from the —st Pennsylvania? Colonel R——'s regiment, you know. Do you think she could have heard them?"

I could not tell, but I thought—yes.

At tea-time Katharine came down, looking pale and worn, and thenceforth she resumed her school duties as usual. As usual, have I said? Alas, no!—*not* as usual with Katharine Veighn. The heart was gone from her work, the head and the hands went on with their mechanical labor as best they might. Katharine's smiles were faint and rare now, and there was a look in her dark eyes that told of a sorrow too deep for words—too deep even for tears.

The brightness had died out of our school-life, and a sober quiet was setting upon us hitherto undreamed of in Room A. All felt it—none could explain it; we only knew that a deep grief had fallen upon Katharine Veighn and each of us; even the wild Carry strove to make the burden lighter for her. Changes come quickly to school-girls, and all this had occurred within little more than a week after Katharine's illness.

One evening after tea Allie Milner, a lovely child of eight or nine years, entered our room with a message to Miss Esling from the Professor. The little girl had evidently been weeping violently, and as our governess was passing out she asked her kindly,

"What is the matter, Allie? You seem to be in sad trouble."

Struggling to keep back the tears, Allie replied,

"My dear Uncle Alan has been killed by the rebels."

"Poor child!" and the kind-hearted woman sighed as she kissed the little mourner and spoke a few consoling words. "You may stay with the young ladies until bedtime, dear, if you wish. Girls, try to amuse her for a while."

Allie came over to the study-table as Miss Esling left, and talked to us, between her sobs, of her uncle.

"He was so good and handsome, Miss Carry, and such a brave soldier! Mamma's letter says grandma has been very ill ever since they heard he was killed, and that was about a week ago, so maybe grandma's dead too," and her grief burst out afresh.

"What was your uncle's name, dear, and in what regiment was he?"

It was Katharine that asked. She had been poring sadly over a long letter, and I do not think she had heard any thing previously. Aroused by the child's crying, she had turned to listen.

"He was Lieutenant Alan Fielding, of the —st Pennsylvania."

She had hardly ended when Katharine caught her up in her arms and covered the tear-stained little face with eager, passionate kisses. We were amazed—the child more than all; but the younger pupils looked up to Katharine with a sort of bashful idolatry, and Allie forgot her troubles as she threw her arms around the young girl's neck and exclaimed,

"Oh, thank you, Miss Katharine. You are so good! But why do you kiss me so? You never did before. Is it because you love me now?"

"Yes, dear, because I love you now."

Katharine Veighn's face was almost bright again, as she cradled her little figure in her arms, laying her cheek against Allie's, while she lovingly smoothed the golden curls.

"Please hold me so, Miss Katharine, until Miss Esling comes. Sit down in that chair by the window, and rock me, please."

Established to her liking, Allie asked,

"May I tell you about my dear Uncle Alan, Miss Katharine? The wicked rebels have killed him, you know."

"Yes, dear."

Katharine's face was turned away from us; her voice was very low and tremulous.

"He was mamma's youngest brother; and we all loved him so dearly! He was so handsome—almost as beautiful as you are, Miss Katharine, only he had not black hair. His eyes were such a lovely blue, just like the sky up there where it is so clear; and his hair was like mine, in such *pretty* curls!"

Here I noticed the listener press her lips to the bright hair.

"He was always so good and kind to grandma; and she loved him better than any of us. Oh, Miss Katharine, what will she do, I wonder?"

"I can not tell, Allie."

The voice still trembled; the child went on, in her simple way, not waiting for further answer. At last she said suddenly, after a little silence,

"When I was home, last summer, I heard dear grandma say that some day she would have another daughter, because Uncle Alan loved a beautiful lady—loved her, oh, very, very dearly! What will *she* do now?"

Katharine's face was looking out into the deepening twilight, and she made no answer.

"Miss Katharine, what will *she* do now?"

"God knows, darling!"

Now the voice was shaken as with agony hardly controlled, and the child nestled closer upon Katharine's bosom and said no more.

There was a deep hush in the room, but Carry Burns was crying softly near me, and I know there were pitying tears in other eyes than hers.

III.

It was the night of Wednesday, June 25, 1862, the night of grand rehearsal; our Commencement would be on the morrow. The friends or relatives of most of the pupils were in town, and the whole school was in an uproar of preparation and expectancy. As we came up from tea the lights were already gleaming in the church opposite, and Dr. Esling's voice was sounding through the halls, summoning the Rooms to rehearsal. Room A was the last to go over, and we found the platform filled with teachers and pupils, and the body of the church with a stranger audience much larger than desirable for a rehearsal.

It was Katharine's turn to sing. Hearing her name she arose, throwing down the bandage on which she was employed with a weary sigh that went to my heart. I caught her hand.

"What is it, Phebe?"

I did not dare to intrude upon her sorrow, she had not confided in me though I guessed it all, but I *longed* to comfort her; so I drew her down to me and whispered,

"Katharine, remember *God knows?*"

She started violently, and a deep crimson flashed over her pale face as she kissed me, with a scarcely audible

"Thank you, Phebe. I will try to remember."

"Mees Veighn! Mees Veighn! Vy come you not ven I call?"

Madame's voice was raised impatiently, and Katharine withdrew her hand. Upon reaching the piano the flush had all died away, and I noticed, in the full blaze of light, how pale and thin the beautiful face had grown of late.

Her voice was superb and her execution usually faultless, but on this evening she sang in a cold, indifferent way that almost put the excitable German beside herself.

"Mees Veighn! Mees Veighn! I vill not have dis! I tell you I vill not have dis! You vill rueen me—*ja, gänzlich! gänzlich!* You have sing nevare so bad before; now shall you not begin! You shall dis sing dis night, bis dat you it sing parefect—*vollkommen!*"

Katharine looked at Madame with a kind of proud surprise at her violence, and said,

"I can not sing it better, Madame, at least not this evening. I have done my best."

"*Can not! Can not! Ach, lieber Himmel!* Vat mean you mit *can not*, Mees Veighn! I tell you you must dry! you must sing! *Nun, noch einmal*, you must it sing, I say, parefect! *Nun!*"

Katharine sighed wearily but took up the score for one more trial, and Madame's angry fingers dashed through the opening chords, *fortissimo!*

"*Nun!* Vy begin you not, Mees Veighn?"

"Look at Katharine!"

Madame and Carry spoke at once and with almost equal vehemence. I looked. I shall never forget what I saw! I hope it is not irreverent to confess that I know from that what Paul means when he says of Stephen, "And all, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The young girl's countenance was absolutely transfigured, glorified with such an ecstasy of happiness as comes to most of us not once in a lifetime even in our dreams.

Lips apart, bosom heaving, cheeks all aglow, hand raised, as if to keep silence lest the blessed vision should vanish forever, Katharine stood with her head bending slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the main entrance of the church. Thence Dr. Esling was hurrying toward the platform, accompanied by a young officer in lieutenant's uniform, bearing his sword-arm in a sling. The soldierly bearing, the easy, gentlemanly carriage, the handsome high-bred face, with its Anglo-Saxon perfectness of feature and purity of complexion, the broad, high forehead, with a fresh scar running into its shadowing of golden hair, I noticed all this ere he reached us.

He was upon the platform in a moment, a great joy lighting up his pale, emaciated face.

The crowd of girls parted—he passed between—he stood face to face with Katharine Veighn. He held out his left arm, the uninjured one, and in a moment more it was around her, drawing her closer, closer to the warm living heart she had long thought cold and dead upon the bloody sod of Virginia, and she was weeping away in tears of glad thanksgiving the heavy, heavy burden of weeks of tearless bereavement.

And a little head, bright with its crown of golden curls, was peering through the crowd, and a blithe young voice was crying,

"Oh, Uncle Alan! Uncle Alan!"

THE LUCKY BLUNDER.

"My friend," wrote the ex-Minister Fouquet to La Fontaine, whom he had so often benefited, "you saw me at Vaux when I was at the height of my power. When you read this I shall be buried alive in a dungeon. After depriving me of my property and my liberty, my friends wish to take my head; and the King, deceived by them, will grant it to them, unless the only person who can save me undertakes to establish my innocence. This person is Mdlle. de la Vallière. Give her the letter I send herewith."

"Fouquet in prison! Fouquet on the point of being executed!" sobbed La Fontaine, his sincere friend. "That shall never be. It is impossible; it is a dream."

Then, directly he recovered from his momentary stupefaction, he hastened to Mdme. La Sablière's, where he knew that all the courtiers who were not at Marly with the King would be assembled, and at once, and to the great scandal of all present, began to ask what news had been heard of Fouquet, and whether it was true that his Majesty was disposed to judge him severely.

This was a forbidden subject—so much so, that not only would no one answer the poor warm-hearted poet, but he even found deprecatory glances directed at him from all sides.

"When does the King return from Marly?" asked La Fontaine.

No one knew.

"What will be the fate of poor Fouquet?" he inquired.

No one would say. He asked the ladies, he asked the gentlemen, he applied to those in favor with the King, and to those whom the King detested; but he could obtain no information on a subject which, by common consent, was proscribed. Molière and Mdme. La Sablière were the only persons present who understood and sympathized with the warm-hearted man; but they really knew no more of Fouquet's fate than did La Fontaine himself.

The company had dined and dessert was served. Never had La Fontaine been so dull before, and it must be remembered that poets and writers generally are not tolerable in high society unless they are determined to be amusing. However, as soon as the dessert was put upon the table, La Fontaine coughed, and said gravely to the assembled guests,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a question of the greatest importance to propose to you."

"At last," said the guests. "I thought we should have him at last."

"We are going to have a discussion," said the savans.

"We are going to shine," said the wits.

"We are going to have compliments paid us," said the ladies.

Every one paid the most scrupulous attention to the words of the worthy but hitherto dull La Fontaine.

At last he opened his lips.

"Can any of you tell me," he began, "when his Majesty will return from Marly, and what is the fate of the unfortunate Fouquet?"

The poor man forgot that he had already put those questions ten times to every one present.

Mdme. de la Sablière and Molière exchanged a glance of intelligence and pity, but the rest of the guests preserved the most rigid silence.

Just then two young men burst into a loud laugh.

"By Heavens! gentlemen, this is no laughing matter," thundered out the usually timid and reserved La Fontaine.

The young men were abashed, and answered not a word.

"What a noble man!" said Mdme. de Sablière to Molière. "He is as fine as your Alceste."

"M. Fouquet is accused of all sorts of crimes," continued the fabulist, with renewed courage, "but he is innocent of them all."

A shudder passed through the company. In spite of Molière, who tried to restrain him, the good La Fontaine said again,

"He is innocent; and I tell you so. And I will tell the King the same, and will defend him every where."

"Mad! evidently mad!" muttered one of the courtiers to his intimate friend sitting by his side.

"You were wanting me to recite some verses a little while ago," he went on. "I will recite you some now that I have composed on this very subject of Fouquet and his arrest."

And the poet read aloud his beautiful lines to the "Nymphs of Vaux," in which Fouquet is enthusiastically defended under the name of Oronte.

Mdme. de la Sablière gave the signal for applause, which soon became general. Whatever the company might think of Fouquet's affair, and the prudence of openly defending a disgraced minister, there could be no two opinions as to the beauty of La Fontaine's verses.

Molière at that moment rose and spoke a few words to M. de la Cavoie, the least courtier-like of all the courtiers. It was of him that Louis XIV. once said, on seeing him in earnest conversation with Racine, "There is M. de Cavoie teaching Racine how to be a courtier, and Racine teaching M. de Cavoie how to be a poet. An excellent plan for making a bad poet and a bad courtier."

Nevertheless, M. de Cavoie was able to introduce La Fontaine to the King, and did so as soon as his Majesty returned. The Dauphin recognized the poet at once, and called out his name—a terrible sin against court etiquette. The King frowned at the offender, the Princesses smiled, and La Fontaine fell at his Majesty's feet.

"Yes, Sire, I am La Fontaine," said the fabulist; "the most humble of your Majesty's subjects, and the most unhappy. I have come here to implore your Majesty's justice and clemency for M. Fouquet."

For a fortnight no one had dared to pronounce this name in the presence of the King. A deathlike silence reigned around, but nevertheless La Fontaine continued:

"Pardon my ignorance of Court usages," he said, "and listen only to the dictates of your own generous heart. M. Fouquet has committed no crime. His enemies have dared to accuse him to your Majesty, but he is really innocent."

The King motioned to the guards, and was about to order the unfortunate fabulist into arrest when he saw that he held a paper in his hand. La Fontaine had resolved to offer to his Majesty his "Nymphs of Vaux." He had, in fact, composed it for that very purpose.

"Give me that paper," said the King. "What is it?"

"Some verses, Sire, that I venture to submit to your Majesty," said the fabulist, as he presented the paper.

The King unfolded it; started, frowned, read it from beginning to end, and then, in a voice thick with emotion, said to the petitioner,

"Withdraw. You shall learn M. Fouquet's fate afterward."

Then the King rose from his seat, and it became evident now that he was in a violent passion.

"Ah!" exclaims the fabulist, to himself, "what have I done? I have ruined my benefactor."

At length, however, La Fontaine remembered that he had still the letter for Mdlle. de la Vallière. To her it was not difficult to procure an introduction, for he already knew her and esteemed her, as did every one else who was acquainted with her, for her disinterestedness and her thoroughly good heart.

"She has more influence with the King than any of them," said he to himself. "She will speak to his Majesty, and my poor benefactor will yet be saved."

La Fontaine hastened, then, to Mdlle. de la Vallière, and, taking a folded paper from his pocket, exclaimed, without losing time in any preliminaries,

"A letter, Mademoiselle, from M. Fouquet, now the most unhappy of mankind."

The favorite opened the paper, pale and trembling with emotion, and then began, with a more satisfied look, which at length became a beneficent smile, to read the contents. La Fontaine was in raptures. When she had finished, Mdlle. de la Vallière said, with a look of delight,

"These verses are really charming. You, of course, wish me to present them to his Majesty?"

"Verses, Mademoiselle? No! It is a letter from M. Fouquet."

"Excuse me; but here are the verses, and here is your signature at the end."

La Fontaine was in despair. He had given his verses to Mdlle. de la Vallière! Then he must have given Fouquet's letter—that terrible, compromising letter—to the King!

"Good Heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed the favorite, in a voice of terror, when the poet explained to her what a terrible blunder he had committed.

And out ran La Fontaine, now again in a state of despair, and exclaiming, as he struck his forehead, "I have killed him! I have killed my benefactor!"

On leaving Mdlle. de la Vallière's presence he, in fact, heard that Fouquet had been condemned to death. But he was determined to make one more effort to save him. He rushed to his friend M. de la Cavoie to solicit another presentation, determined to run any risk rather than let his benefactor suffer through his fault.

He explained to M. de la Cavoie how terrible and fatal a blunder he had committed, and was giving way to his grief and his despair, when suddenly an officer of the guard entered and asked whether M. de la Cavoie knew where to find M. de la Fontaine.

"Here I am," cried the poet, as he rose.

"His Majesty wishes to see you," said the officer. "Follow me."

"Pardon me! pardon me, Sire!" cried the poet when he found himself in the King's presence. "Let your vengeance fall on me alone, for I alone am to blame."

"Rise," said the King. "An hour since M. Fouquet was condemned to death."

La Fontaine shuddered with horror.

"But now I revoke the sentence. He will be imprisoned or banished; but his life is spared."

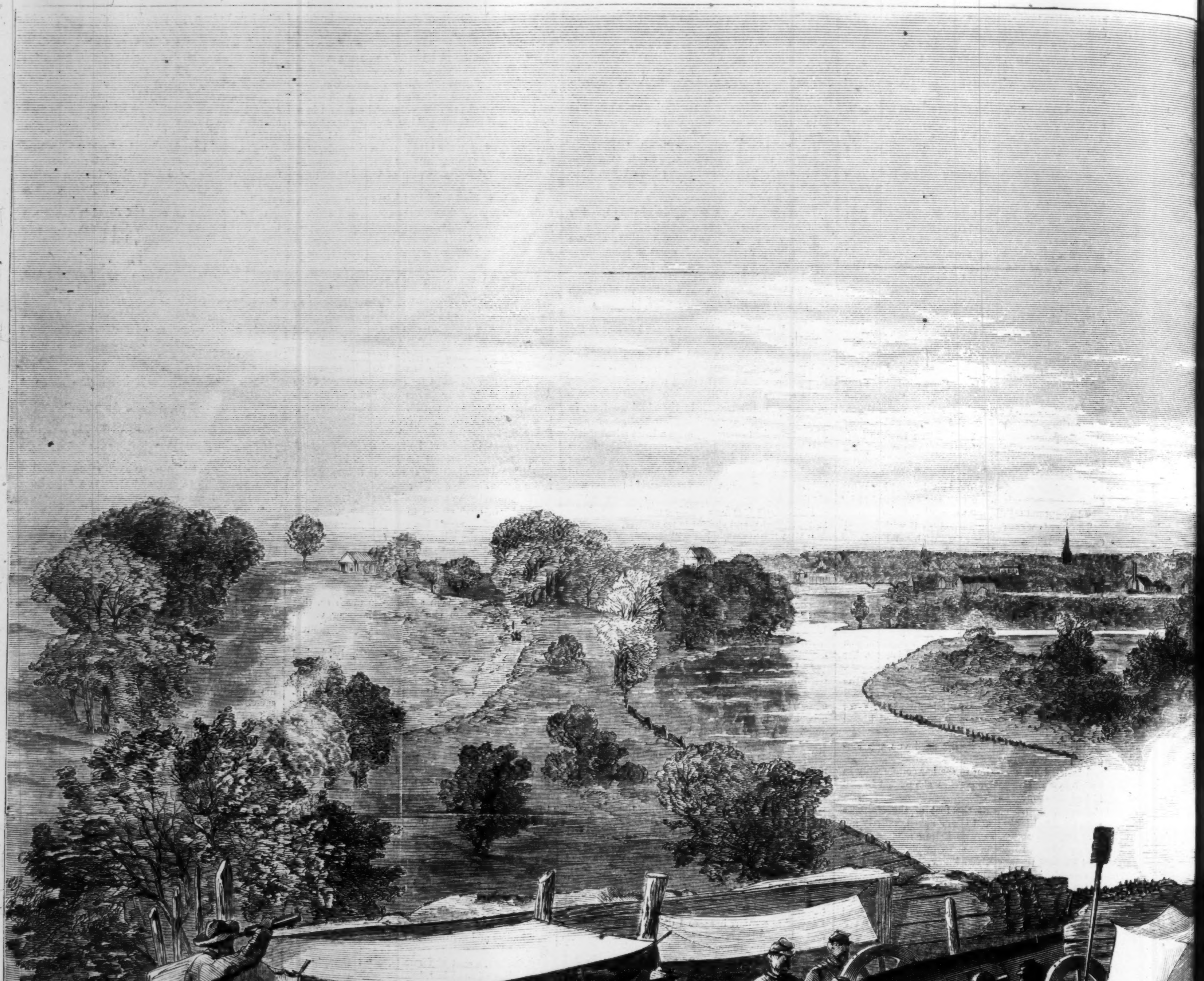
La Fontaine wept with joy.

"Sit down at that table," continued the King, "and communicate this news to your friend yourself."

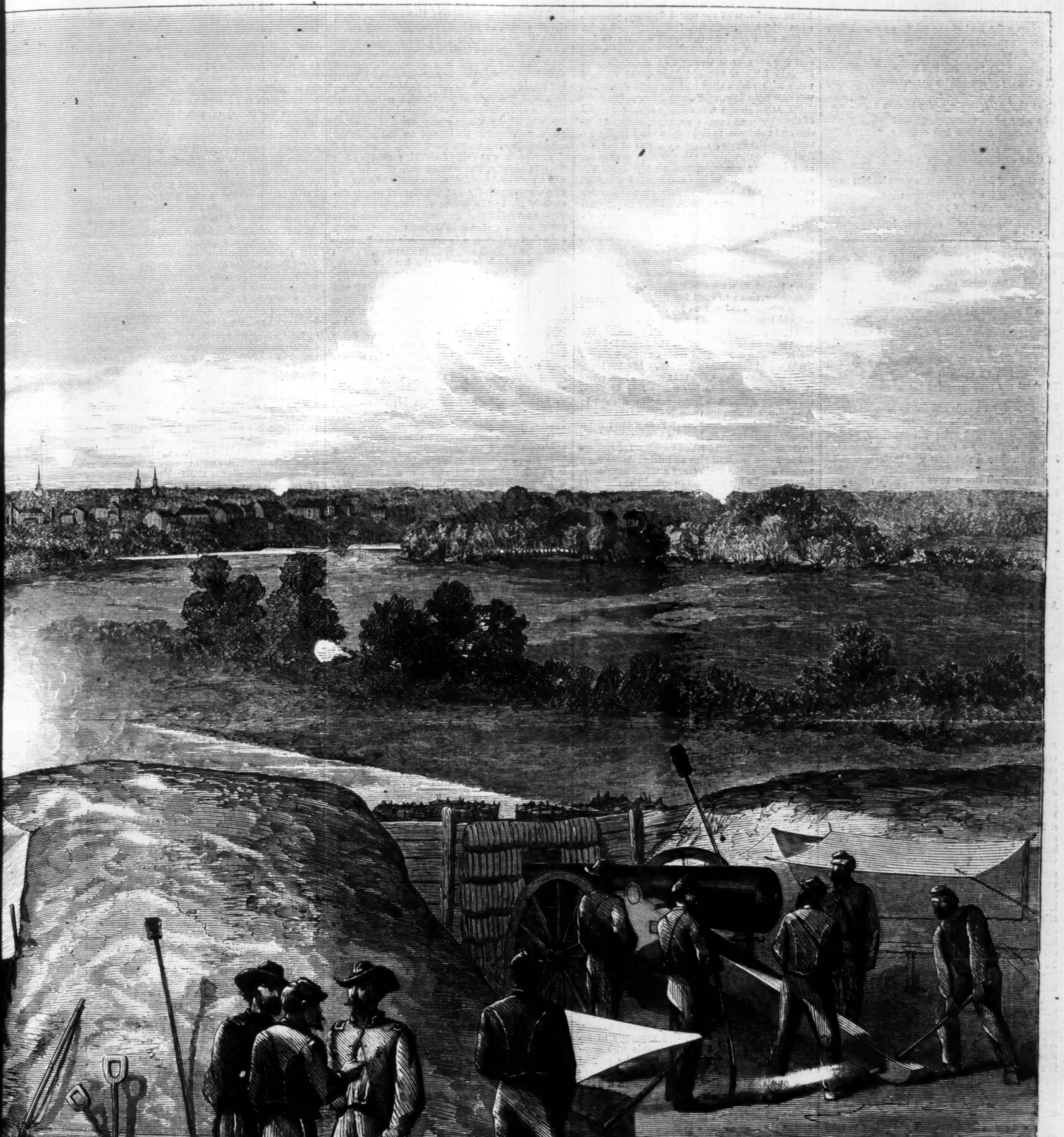
La Fontaine collected all his strength, and wrote two hasty lines to his friend and benefactor to tell him that he was not to die.

The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Fouquet's enemies had succeeded in persuading the King that Fouquet was his successful rival in the good graces of Mdlle. de la Vallière. Now Fouquet's letter, which had fallen into his hands *by accident*—evidently by accident—contained the following lines, which at once proved how far Fouquet was from being the successful lover of the lady who had now gained entire possession of the heart of the King:

> "You alone can save me," said Fouquet, "by telling his Majesty the simple truth. You, who repelled my homage so disdainfully, know better than any one that it was not carried very far, and that I obtained the copy of your portrait by a stratagem..... Pardon me, and you will be the cause of my being pardoned."



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF PETERSBURG FROM CAPTAIN DAVIS'S BA



ERY, FIRST CONNECTICUT ARTILLERY.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 517.]

GIVE HIM NO CHANCE.

Break up the road of the prisoner released,
Cover his pathway with shame;
Brand the man so
That he never can know
The wealth of a worthier name.

Open the gates, and tell him to earn
The wage of an honest man's toil;
Then follow him out,
And dog him about—
A Cain on the breadth of the soil.

Let him doff prison garb—once more let him wear
The dress of his free fellow-men;
Then cut off his chance,
Withstand his advance,
And let him be cursed again.

To his ear keep the promise, that plenty of work
Waits either in country or town;
Then break to the hope—
Bind the man with the rope
Of evil report—hold him down.

"Go, sin no more," said the Master of men—
'Twas a pardon untainted with guile;
And we say the same,
But we think it no blame
To cheat our poor struggler the while.

Day after day he calls out for help,
But finds it all vain to implore;
Help must not come,
Not even a crumb
Is thrown from a righteous world's door.

Not alone shall the stain of his guilty renown
Be fixed on the felon enlarged;
But the brand of his shame
Must be hung on the name
Of his kindred—and they are discharged.

Then the man setteth down with a gnashing of teeth,
And a clenching of hands in the air;
Then returns to the thief,
With a howl of relief,
And a scornful and vengeful despair.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XL.

A DEAD AND GONE FESTIVAL.

When poor little Lily reached the foot of the common staircase she found nobody there but the portress, who was engaged in a more or less amicable discussion with the Auvergnat in a blouse, who, with the assistance of a donkey, a cart, and several cans, was in the habit of bringing round the milk to that particular street. She had just informed the Auvergnat that he was a fichue bête; to which he had responded that she, the portress, was a vieille sorcière, who was born in the time of Pharamond, and had not invented gunpowder. Thereupon Madame la Concierge was about making an assault upon the uncivil milk-seller with her broom; but at this conjuncture the postman fortunately entered the lodge with the early batch of letters, and for ten minutes or so the portress had quite enough to do in examining the superscriptions, peeping between the interstices of the envelopes, and smelling the seals of the missives brought by the Mercury of the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"Pouah! comme ça pue le musc," she said, nosing one delicate-looking billet. "Pink paper, too, satiné! Allons donc! And a hand like a spider out for a promenade, and all that for the soi-disant vicomte, who has his varnished boots mended, and owes two terms to our proprietor. Ah, ah, my brave, if you don't have warning before another month is over your head my name is not Cornélie Desgracq. Il pleuvera des congés dans cette maison. Why, how now, ma petite, whither are you bound so early?"

This was to Lily, who had timidly asked for the cordon.

"I am going for a walk—I am going to take a bath."

Lily faltered. It is certain that nobody yet ever did any thing wrong in this world without having to tell one or more falsehoods to commence with. The embryo murderer has to tell a lie about the pistol or dagger, the would-be suicide about the poison he purchases. The ways down which the bad ship *Wickedness* slides to a shoreless ocean must be greased with lies. Lily's criminality was of no very deep dye; yet you see she had been unable to stir a pace in her expedition without telling a fib.

"There you are, then," said the portress, pulling the desired check-string. "Go thy ways, and a bright good-morning to thee. I like that petite ma'mselle," she continued, musing as the girl slipped through the portal; "she gives herself no airs, and, all things considered, is not far from being pretty. Cela a un petit air de rien du tout, qui n'est pas mal. Going to have a bath, was she? Well, it's hot enough. I wouldn't mind one myself if that pot-au-feu did not demand my attention." Good old portress! Since twenty years had she been preoccupied by that same pot-au-feu, perpetually simmering. "Mais dites moi donc un peu, what on earth makes all the girls in our time so very anxious to take baths? Does that scélérat Cupidon keep the baths of La Samaritaine, I should like to know? When I was a girl we were not so fond of bathing."

And Madame la Concierge, having concluded her examination of the postal delivery, proceeded to skim her pot-au-feu.

Lily went out into the great desert: to her quite trackless, and barren of oases. She had cast her skin, as it were. She had done with her old friends, her old habits, the old-new name with which they had invested her. She was now only Lily, and Quite Alone.

Still, though she was solitary among a crowd of thousands, and could not hope, between sunrise and sundown, to light upon one friendly human face she knew; though she was at sea in a frail cock-boat, without mast or rudder or pilot, in a howling ocean, stretching she knew not whither; though she had scarcely the means of obtaining that night's shelter or to-morrow's bread, Lily was on business. She was preoccupied. She had affairs of moment to attend to. There never was, I conceive, any one so idle, short of an idiot, who, if he chose to ask himself the question, could not remember that he had something to do. Lily was quite overburdened with business. She had to get to England: God alone knew how. She was to do something there to earn her living: God alone knew what. Oh! she was a fully-engaged and absorbed young person; but, first of all, there was that locket to be sold. Inexperienced in the ways of the world as she was, she dared not flatter herself that nineteen francs seventeen centimes would take her to London. London! she had scarcely pronounced that word as yet; but it was fully settled in her minor consciousness that she was going to London. Not a Turk in Asia Minor wakes up from his pipe-trance and thinks he should like a tour in Frangistan; not a Lascar coolie ships on board a homeward-bound Indiaman; not a long-tailed vagabond of Shanghai lays in a stock of rice and dried ducks for a voyage across the main; not a Genoese beggar-boy is sold by his padrone to grind the organ to the English heretics, but knows, although he may scarcely have mastered the words to say it, that he shall see London.

The locket! The locket! Lily knew that she was about to do a naughty thing, and, desperately as her mind was made up for the deed, she tried to stave off the evil moment of commission for yet a little time longer. Bishop, who murdered the Italian boy, set him to play with his children half an hour before he slew him. He, too, had made up his mind; but he luxuriated in deferring the thing for thirty minutes. We like to put the consummation of our villainy off. A convict in a penitentiary told me once that he counted seven hundred and fifty, neither more nor less, before he took pen in hand to commit the forgery which sent him to penal servitude for twenty years. I knew a man who repaired to an appointment from which his conscience told him sin would follow. As he was biding tryst a flash of remorse came over him, and turning a piece of money in his pocket he vowed that if, when he drew it out, head should be uppermost, he would abandon his intent, and go away before the victim came. He drew forth the money, and head was uppermost;—whereupon the man broke his vow and kept his tryst to the bitter end. The flash of remorse had died away.

So, when Lily knew well that the locket must be sold, her poor little trembling spirit was casting about on every side for a respite, were it even of the briefest, from the inevitable act. She must be quick about it. She knew that; for discovery and pursuit, although not probable, were just barely possible. But oh! for another minute, another half hour, before she would be forced to confess her unworthiness in her own eyes. Fortuitously, the bright morning air reminded her that she was hungry; and she remembered that she had had no breakfast. Where was such a meal to be obtained? She had walked as yet up one street and down another, not purposeless, but irresolute, and still staving off the evil time. She saw plenty of cafés around her: splendid cafés, all gilding and plate-glass; second-rate cafés; tenth-rate cafés, smelling of smoke, dirty, and generally ill favored. The large men with beards who were visible in most of these cafés as she peeped through the glazed doors frightened Lily. There was one specially alarming creature in a fluffy white hat, a great glass screwed into one eye, a twisted chin-tuft like a colossal comma: who, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a pair of tartan trowsers so wide at the waist and so narrow at the ankles that they looked like two jars of Scotch snuff, was standing, smoking, on the steps of a coffee-house in the Rue Montmartre. He greeted Lily with a hideous leer as she passed him, sticking his arms akimbo, and humming something about "La Faridondaine." She blushed and quivered as she hurried away. Oh! she must make haste to get to England. A vague intuition told her that Paris was a very wicked place, and that she was but a lamb in the midst of five hundred thousand wolves.

She saw at last a humble little shop in whose windows were displayed two large bowls full of milk, with a sky-blue basis and a yellow scum on the surface; sundry eggs; a bouquet of faded flowers; a siphon of eau de Seltz; a flap of raw meat with a causeway of bone running through it; several huge white coffee-cups and saucers; and the *Siècle* newspaper of the week before last. From sundry little blue bannerols bearing inscriptions in white letters, Lily learned that this was a Crêmerie; that its sign was Au bon Marché; that bifteks, bouillon, coffee, and chocolate were to be had there at all hours, and that meals were even portés en ville—carried to the patrons of the establishment at their own residences. Furthermore, there was a tariff of prices which assured Lily as to the capacity of her purse to endure the charges of such a very modest little breakfast as she needed.

She entered the Cheap Creamery, and making known her wants to a brawny Norman wench with big gold ear-rings, who had a hoarse voice, the possession of which a corporal in the Chasseurs d'Afrique would not have disdained, and who, when she was called, did not answer "Voilà!" after the fashion of waiters generally, but thundered forth, "Vous y êtes!" Murmuring her brief commands to this formidable servitor, Lily was presently supplied with a big white bowlful of chocolate, and a large piece of bread, the which (the whole costing but eight sous) made no very serious inroad on her stock of ready money.

The place was full of working people; the men in blouses, the women and girls in neat white caps or kerchiefs tied round their heads, who were as kindly and courteous in their demeanor as, in the course of many years' wandering up and down the earth, I have generally found working people to be:—in every country save one. That one is not England; but they speak the English language in that one. Lily's opposite neighbors passed the bonjour to her, and helped her to the milk and the sugar without her having to ask for those articles; and one comely little grisette even offered her a share of the poached eggs she had ordered. A gentleman who sat opposite to her, who apparently belonged to the baking trade—who wore a monstrous-brimmed felt hat like an umbrella of which the handle had impaled him and the cupola flattened on his head, and who was powdered from head to foot with flour profusely, but was beautifully clean to look at—reached over to Lily when he had finished his repast, and handed her a copy of that day's *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

"It does not belong to the establishment, mademoiselle," he said. "Their newspapers here are as stale as their bread. You can keep it as long as you like, and give it to the poor when you have done with it. For, if the *Gazette des Tribunaux* doesn't concern the poor, I don't know what does. I have the honor, mademoiselle, to wish you a very good morning."

With which mild witticism the baker bowed, touched the brim of the monstrous hat—he could not for the life of him get it off—and took his departure. He repaired to an adjacent salon de toilette to be shaved, and, if he could only have got that hat off, he would probably, it being a jour de fête, have had his hair curled.

Lily was not frightened at the baker, although he was at least two inches taller than the man in the fluffy white hat who had leered at her in the Rue Montmartre. She was too sick at heart to smile when he offered her the paper; but she murmured out her thanks, and, persuading herself that it was still very early, and, eager to stave off her business yet for a few minutes longer, she began to read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

She had never set eyes on that famous journal before, and its contents, at first, absolutely horrified her. How wicked every body in Paris must be to be sure! The eight pages of ill-printed matter were crimson with crimes. One-half of the world seemed to be prisoners; and the other half, judges, gens d'armes, and executioners. Here was a viscount in the Charente-Inférieure who had poisoned his mother-in-law. A soldier in the garrison of Oran had struck his commanding officer, and was to be shot by sentence of court-martial. Dreadful vol avec effraction in the Avenue de Bondy! Sad case of juvenile depravity at Valery-sur-Somme! Awful conflagration at Brives-la-Gaillarde! Murder of three children by their mother at Noisy-le-Sec! An infant devoured by a wolf at Vitry-le-Français! Six men drowned at Meaux-en-Brie! An old gentleman aged eighty run over on the Boulevard Beaumarchais and killed on the spot! Inundations, ravages of small-pox, poisonings of whole families through eating ragout of mutton with mushrooms, steamboat explosions, breaking down of suspension-bridges all over the country! The news from abroad seemed as terrific as the domestic intelligence. They were hanging right and left in England. Every body in Russia, who had not had the knout, appeared to be on his way to Siberia. The sufferings of the Poles were fearful. The garrote was as busy as a bee in Spain; a new guillotine had just been imported to the island of Sardinia; three Chinese mandarins, and wearers of the blue button, had been chopped into ten thousand pieces by order of the Emperor of China, while their wives had been glued between two-inch boards and sawed in halves longitudinally. Lily did not know that, when the editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* was short of foreign intelligence, he invented, or served up afresh so much of old news as would suit his purpose, or the somewhat blasé appetite of his readers.

She was about laying down the sheet over which, in mingled horror and uneasy curiosity, she had spent some twenty minutes, when a paragraph at the foot of the Chronique, or collection of minor Parisian notes, caught her eye. It ran thus:

"Un Anglais à la Morgue. The identity of the body found days since in the Filet de St. Cloud, and in due course transferred to the Morgue, has been established. Affirmation has been made before the commissary of police of the section of the Hôtel-Dieu, by the Sieur Jean Baptiste Constant, native of Berne (Suisse), proprietor, domiciled at Paris, that the corpse is that of Sir Francis Blunt, Esquire, gentilhomme Anglais, to whose person he was formerly attached in the capacity of valet-de-chambre. This statement has been confirmed by the evidence of the Sieur Rataplan, restaurateur, of the quarter of the Madeleine; and papers found in the vestments of the defunct place the truth of their story beyond a doubt. What could have led Sir Blunt to this desperate act—a deliberate suicide being inferred by the authorities—is uncertain; but it appears that he was known as a constant frequenter of the Salons Erascati, and losses at the gaming-table may have been the primary cause of this sad catastrophe (triste événement). Milord Blunt had formerly been rich to millions, but of late had become much reduced in circumstances. With touching solicitude M. Jean Baptiste Constant has charged himself with the interment of the remains (dépouilles mortelles) of this unfortunate son of Albion."

Lily read this paragraph through, read it again and again, and fell into a dream. The names recorded were unfamiliar to her. She knew nothing of proprietors who were natives of Berne in Switzerland and were domiciled at Paris, of restaurateurs who lived in the quarter of the Madeleine. Sir Francis Blunt, with that thundering addition of "esquire," who was he? And yet—Jean Baptiste Constant, Rataplan, Blunt—Rataplan, Blunt, Constant—had she or had she not ever heard those names before? She passed all the simple and sorry incidents in her life in review before her. She strove to remember every place where she had been, every one whom she had known—there were the Bunnycastles: the three sisters, the old lady, with her sentimental wool-gathering talk, the servants, the discreet apothecary, her prattling, ever complaining school-mates. Then up came a vision of a gentleman in a cloak, who had spoken to her lazily, but sharply; and a vision of another gentleman, with a glossy black whisker on his cheek, who had held her in his arms not unkindly. Again started up the image of the fierce and imperious lady, with her temper, her stampings, her frettings, and her scoldings. To her succeeded Cutwig & Co., the cheery foreman, the demure Miss Eldred, the large-mouthed clerk who grinned and ate apples. Was it at the Greenwich dinner she had heard the name of Blunt, or on board the steamer, when the gentleman with the heavy whiskers and the gold-laced cap had given her chocolate? Was the sickly gentleman in the carriage on deck named Blunt? Had Rataplan's name ever been pronounced at the Pension Marcassin? Did Marygold ever speak of a certain Constant? J. B. Constant—Jean Baptiste Constant—the name, the initials, kept ringing in the ears of her mind. But it was all a dream, and would yield nothing tangible. So soon as, for an instant, she thought she had gotten hold of a form and a substance, they slid away from her as though she had been walking on glass, and all was impalpable. As sometimes in a strain of music, and sometimes in a sigh of the wind, and sometimes in a word, forgotten so soon as it was uttered, if uttered indeed it were, Lily fancied that she remembered something—she knew not what, she knew not when, she knew not how; and then the fancied reminiscence faded away into nothingness and a perplexing blank, in which memory had no place.

Very sadly she rose, folding up, she could scarcely tell why, the copy of the paper, and placing it in her pocket. The dream might come back again, she tried to think, and tell her something more definite. At present she was bound to go on her business. That dreadful locket! Yes; the evil time might be no longer staved off. So she walked down to the quays that were about the Pont Neuf. It was a wonder she did not meet little Amanda on *her* morning walk, or Monsieur Philibert meditating on the grand doings the Pompes Funèbres would have when the corpse of the Emperor came home.

There were plenty of goldsmiths' shops on the Quai, plenty expressing on their signs quite a delirious eagerness to purchase gold, silver, and diamonds at their utmost value. Lily entered the first shop on her way. The gentleman who kept it appeared to deal in all kinds of rags and bones, so to speak, of the precious metals. His counter was heaped with frayed and tarnished epaulets; with coils of torn and shabby gold and silver lace; with coat-collars, coat-pockets and lappels, decorated with faded embroidery, and ruthlessly torn from their parent garments; with sword-knots, and satchels, and tassels, and bridal veils with silver spangles, and broken tea-pots, and mugs crumpled up as though they had been made of paper, and flute-mountings, and the tops of meerschaum pipes, and the lozenge plates from cigar cases, and the bosses and mouldings from cartouche-boxes, and the stoppers of bottles from dressing-cases: any thing you please to mention in the way of gold and silver. In front of the counter was a stout wire grating reaching to the ceiling, and in front of the grating was the dealer in the precious metals himself. He was smoking a half-penny cigar, and, with the assistance of a pair of tweezers, was holding some loose pearls, which he took from a sheet of letter-paper, up to the light. He was a dealer with a very shock head of red hair, and had a very white pasty face, and very weak watery eyes, and very full, luscious-looking pink lips, and was a Jew.

"I won't buy any thing this morning," he cried, as Lily hesitatingly entered the shop. "That scoundrel Pifflard. He pretends to go to the Orkney Islands for pearls. There's not one of them here worth five francs, ma parole d'honneur."

Lily, wincing under this rebuff, was about to withdraw, when he called her back.

"Stop! What is it? What have you got? The défroque of a marshal of France, or the sceptre of Charlemagne? I'll buy any thing for the sake of your eyes. I love eyes. I wish I could sell them."

He was such a florid dealer, and such a voluble dealer, and, withal, such a very hungry not to say rapacious-looking dealer, that Lily was more than half alarmed at the manner in which he accosted her. However, there was no help for it now. She nerved herself to a strong effort, and produced the ill-fated locket. She had previously taken out the hair of the Martyr King, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put it carefully away in her bosom. At least she would not sell *that*, she thought.

"And what might you want for this little bit of a toy?" asked the dealer, turning over the locket, as he spoke, with much contempt.

"A hundred francs," answered Lily, at a guess. "You see, Sir, there are diamonds outside."

"I know, I know," retorted the dealer, who with avid eyes had taken stock of the whole. "Diamonds! Do you call these little pins' heads diamonds? They're nothing but beads: mere children's playthings. Come: I'll be liberal. I'll give you fifty francs."

Unused to bargaining in any shape, and perfect novice as she was in the marketable value of the precious metals, Lily could not but be conscious that an attempt was being made to swindle her. She humbly represented that the locket must be worth considerably more even than the price she had put upon it, and that fifty francs was really a sum that she could not think of accepting.

"Where's the hair?" cried the dealer, suddenly opening the locket and then shutting it with a sharp snap. "Where's the miniature of General Foy, or the tomb of Héloïse and Abelard, or the hair of your well-beloved, that ought to be inside?"

Lily replied that she had removed that which had been inside the locket. It was a relic, and she did not intend to sell it.

"Then I won't buy it at all," snarled the dealer, tossing the locket toward her. "Take back your trumpery. I don't buy empty lockets. Nobody likes to buy 'em; and to break up, it isn't worth a louis."

"Oh, Sir—" Lily began to plead, as well as she could for the tears that were rising.

"Take it away. I think you stole it. I got into trouble last time about an empty locket. It belonged to a countess in the Faubourg St. Germain, and her chambermaid had robbed her of it. They menaced me with the commissary. Me! Israel Sarpajou! Get out of the shop, or I'll call the guard."

The meaning of all which was, that M. Israel Sarpajou had been somewhat disappointed that morning in the quality of some loose pearls in which he had invested capital; and, not caring to lay out any more ready money just then, thought he could indulge in a little cheap luxury by baiting a girl whom he knew to be poor, and guessed to be friendless.

Indignant, and yet alarmed, Lily was hastily leaving the shop of the ill-conditioned dealer, when, in his vapid slobbering voice, he called out,

"Come back, little one. Give me a kiss and you shall have seventy-five francs for your locket." But Lily staid to hear no more, and hurried away as fast as ever she could.

She went into one gold and silver dealer's shop after another; but, through a kind of fatality, as it seemed, no one would give her any thing like a remunerative price for the trinket. One overflowing philanthropist, who was a Christian, offered her twenty-five francs for it; another, who was a wag, advised her to make it up with her young man, and then she would no longer desire to sell the locket which contained his beautiful black hair—ses beaux cheveux noirs. A third was more practical. He was an optician as well as a goldsmith, and wore himself such large polygonal blue goggles as to look like a walking light-house. He told Lily that her locket was worth, at the very least, two or three hundred francs—not to melt, but as a work of art—and advised her, instead of selling it, to take it to the nearest bureau of the Mont de Piété, where they would lend her half its value.

This benevolent counselor gave her, besides, the address of a commissary priseur—one Monsieur Gallifret, who lived in the Rue Montorgueil. Thither did Lily repair with quickening steps; and very seldom, I will venture to surmise, was the first visit to a pawnbroker's paid so blithely.

Monsieur's office was up a narrow filthy passage, and three pair of stairs. There was a traiteur's on the first floor, and a preparatory school on the second; and the mingled odors of soup, scholars, and the bundles of wearing apparel in the pawnbroker's store-closets, were decidedly powerful, but far from pleasant. Monsieur Gallifret was not at home; but his wife was—a snuffy old woman with a red kerchief.

"A hundred francs," said Madame Gallifret, when she had examined the locket.

Lily bowed her head, meaning the gesture as a sign of acquiescence.

"Cent francs, ni plus, ni moins. Do you take it? Est-elle sourde-muette, la petite? Speak out."

"I will take it."

"Bon; what is your name?" went on Madame Gallifret, opening a large thin ledger.

"Lily Floris."

"Drôle de nom! Your profession?"

"Couturière." Oh, Lily, how fast one learns to lie!

"Domicile?"

"A hundred and twelve, Boulevard Poissonnière." She was making rapid progress in mendacity; but that locket had to be got rid of.

"Where is your passport?"

"My passport, madame?"

"Yes, your passport, your papers. Don't I speak distinctly?"

"I have none."

"Bien fâchée, then, but we can have nothing to do with you. No business is transacted in this office save with persons provided with papers perfectly en règle."

And once more Lily went forth into the street: the locket still unsold, and even unpawned.

WON AT LAST.

THE wedding ceremony was just over.

Through the arches of Trinity the tumultuous sweetness of the organ rolled in billows of sound, while the tinted splendors of stained glass casements streamed like shivered rainbows across the path of the bridal cortége. And Karl Chesney, looking down at the fair face shrined in a silver mist of tulle and jasmine blossoms, felt his strong heart thrill within him with a new-born happiness.

"My wife—my darling!"

Was it but a sickly fancy, or did the rose-leaf hand shrink away from his arm as he pressed it closer to his heart? Surely she loved him, this little wild flower he had transplanted from the wilderness to his palace home—there could be no doubt about *that*. Yet the mere possibility that for an instant flashed across his mind seemed to curdle the warm currents of life around his heart.

"Does not she look like a freshly-gathered rosebud?"

There was a momentary stoppage in the crowded vestibule, and Karl Chesney heard the low-spoken words from one of the bridemaids beyond.

"Yes; I was afraid the sleepless night and all those tears would spoil her beauty."

"Did she weep much?"

"Poor thing! if you could only have seen her sobbing on my shoulder after the wreath and veil were on. She don't love him—she can't, poor child! Just consider how brief the acquaintance has been."

"That is true," acquiesced the bridemaid.

"But then it was such a splendid match, and her mother insisted on it. She would never have married him, though, if it were not for the fact that his regiment marches to-day. He will be away some time, and in fact who knows what may happen before he returns? In any event time will reconcile her to the marriage."

The words had been spoken in a whisper, but every syllable fell on Karl Chesney's ear as distinctly as if pealed through a trumpet's brazen throat—fell like fiery rain on the upspringing blossoms of his heart.

So he had been blinded, trifled with, deceived. A bright, brief dream! But he was rudely waked at last with a pang than which death would have been sweeter far. It was well that he was so soon to leave the young wife who detested him; and the dangerous fire blazed into his eyes as he thought of the words he had just heard—"Who knew what might happen before he returned?"

"Good-by, Cecile!"

He touched his cold lips to the fair forehead overhung with radiant ripples of gold hair, and held for an instant the soft hand in his own. How lovely she was! how innocent! A bride, yet a widow; a wife, and no wife!

For Karl Chesney had sworn within his inmost mind a solemn oath that he would never return to claim an unloving heart. And Cecile looked shyly up into the dark, stern face, and wondered if it was wrong to be glad that her husband was going off to the wars within an hour of his bridal. Poor child! she was not so much to blame after all.

So Captain Chesney left his beautiful wife. If all our soldiers carry such reckless desperation, such sick hearts, into the tumult and carnage of the battle-field, it is no wonder that they fight with the fierce abandon that makes a world stand by in awed wonder.

"There, I thought how it would be. Allen is down. What on earth possessed the General to send *him* of all other men!"

Colonel Playfair spoke the short, fierce words between his set teeth, as he sat on horseback, grimly surveying the confused field through his glass. Karl Chesney struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and rode up alongside with a curious gleam in his eye.

"Who is to take his place, Colonel?"

"Whose? Allen's? Nobody that cares a fig for his life. I tell you, man, any one that rides beyond the hill rides into the jaws of death."

"Nevertheless, the orders must be carried. You have a duplicate; give it to me."

Colonel Playfair dropped his glass and stared blankly at Chesney.

"Man! are you tired of your life that you would throw it away from you?" he asked, hoarsely.

Karl Chesney snatched the paper from Playfair's hand and spurred his horse furiously on, while a strange exultation curved his lip into something like a smile.

"There goes the bravest fellow on the staff!" ejaculated Playfair, clenching his hand over the sword-hilt. "Struck from his horse! I knew it—I warned him! Poor Chesney! and he was married only the day we marched! Oh, my God! how much longer is this massacre to last before retreating orders come?"

At that instant a young aid-de-camp galloped up with a whispered message. Playfair turned sharply on him.

"At last! Well, it is not my business to criticise. Tell the General that Frank Allen and Chesney are gone, and I don't much care what else happens!"

It was a heavy heart that throbbed behind the blunt old man's battle-tarnished uniform as he rode slowly at the side of his decimated regiment that night—a heavy heart and a sore, for he had liked the two brave boys that were down.

"Where am I? what are you doing to me?"

The red stream of lantern-light seemed to burn across Karl Chesney's eyeballs like molten fire, as it revealed the swarthy faces bending above him.

"Turn him over, Benson—gently, gently! Now a long strip of bandaging and a tuft of lint. I wonder how long it will be before the ambulances are here?"

The surgeon spoke indistinctly with a sharp steel instrument between his teeth. Chesney snatched his arm from the kindly touch, and tore the bloody ligatures away.

"Leave me alone! why can not you let me die in peace? I *was* dying."

"Hallo!" ejaculated the Confederate surgeon. "Here's a new aspect of things! Steady, my lad! it isn't my business to let people die if I can help it."

"Then go to some one that needs you."

"I am of opinion that *you* need me," said the surgeon, coolly striking the revolver from Chesney's hand. "We don't require that little instrument, and it is not exactly grateful to point it at my head. Tie his hands, Benson! I see we shall have to do him good against his will."

"Ain't he game!" ejaculated the admiring cadet. "Wants to die, just because the Yankees have got the worst of the little skirmish. I say, doctor, it's all I can do to hold him."

"Why do you torture me back into life? I tell you I have no desire to live."

"For several reasons," said the surgeon, quietly. "One is, that I don't choose to have you Yankees say that you don't receive proper attention within our lines. Another is, were you aware that this cut across your upper lip is likely to prove rather an awkward affair for your beauty? Did you ever wear a mustache? because you'll have to now. A curious zigzag scar; I should think it might change the whole expression of your face. There! are you easy now? Benson, lend a hand here and help lift him into the ambulance. My boy," he added, in a lower tone, as he softly laid the wounded man's head on the cushions, "I have a son about your age in the ranks; I have done for you what I would fain have some charitable soul do for him, were he in your place; and I say to you what I would say to him, don't forget that you have no right to throw away the life God gave you!"

So the Confederate surgeon went on his way.

"What a delicious breeze there is from the Atlantic to-night!"

Harper Talboys was sitting on the long hotel piazza at Newport, smoking an evening cigar with the dark-faced fellow-traveler who had come in the same steamer with him from Cuba. Mr. Streighton did not reply, but then he was not a man that talked much at any time, and Talboys was used to his grave taciturnity.

"Lots of people here, Jenkins tells me, and pretty girls enough to drive a fellow distracted. But the belle of the season is a young widow, Mrs. Chesney."

"Chesney did you say?"

"Ay, the widow of an officer who fell in that unfortunate affair at ——, a year ago. A beauty and an heiress—now there's a fine chance for you and me, Streighton. I just saw her at the dinner-table, and—I'll be hanged if here she don't come now on horseback! See what a sensation she makes among those young fellows on the steps! By Jove, what a beauty!"

Streighton rose deliberately up and walked forward a step or two, leaning back against a column of the piazza to get a good view of the reigning beauty.

Like a shower of gold the fair curls floated away from under the black plumes of her riding-hat, while the liquid blue eyes sparkled with healthful exercise, and the color on her cheek was deep and soft as the velvet petal of a pomegranate blossom as she rode up to the hotel steps in the carmine glow of the August twilight.

"Who is that dark gentleman on the piazza?" she asked, looking rather earnestly at the stranger.

"A new-comer, I believe," replied her cavalier. "Streighton, I think his name is, from Cuba. Take care, Mrs. Chesney: it is never safe to drop your reins like that, and Selim is inclined to be a little gay."

The words were yet trembling on his tongue when Selim gave a forward spring. Cecile caught at the reins; but it was too late, and the next moment the horse was checked with a firm hand like iron, and she was lifted from the saddle by the dark stranger.

As he bowed and turned away she laid her hand timidly on his arm.

"May I not know whom I am to thank?"

"Mr. Streighton has had the pleasure of being useful to you, madam."

Cecile was used to the adulation of the male sex; but there was something in that olive face, with its dark, melancholy eyes and heavy mustache, that made her breath come quicker and brought the roses back to her blanched cheek.

All that evening Streighton watched her bright, innocent vivacity with grave, dreamy eyes—watched her girlish happiness and unconscious beauty, while his heart ached with unspoken pain.

"She cares little enough for the husband who fell in battle," he pondered. "I wonder if I could make her care for Charles Streighton. It is worth the trial. I love her in spite of every thing, and in spite of every thing she *shall* love me!"

Those were bright days at the sea-side—days of golden air and blue quivering sunlight, with silver shimmers on the snowy beach and pulses of liquid music rolling up against the rocky battlements beyond; bright days, but they came to an end, like all bright things.

"Going to-morrow, Mr. Streighton?"

Her lip quivered in spite of her resolute effort at self-control, and he could feel the tremble of the little hand that lay on his arm.

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

They were alone in the moonlight shadows of the garden, while the merry music of viol and flute streamed from the brilliant windows of the house beyond, and died away in delicious cadences among the moving leaves.

"Do you care, Cecile?"

"Do I care, Charles?" she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, Cecile!" he exclaimed, turning to her with an almost passionate intensity of fervor, "is it possible that you have learned to love me at last?"

"At last?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Tell me, love," he went on, "could you feel for me what a wife should feel for her husband? Do you love me in very truth, Cecile?"

He trembled now—she saw the quiver that ran through his whole frame.

"Are you mine, Cecile? mine in heart and soul? Love, do not deceive yourself or me, tell me the truth."

"She put her hand on his shoulder and looked frankly and lovingly into his white, agonized face.

"Yours, dearest! yours forever!"

He drew her close, close to his breast with a strong, convulsive sob.

"Oh, my wife, my darling! did no warning impulse tell you that it was your husband who sought the priceless gift of your affection? Oh, Cecile! my blue-eyed dove, I have won your heart at last!"

So Cecile Chesney had two wedding days—one for her hand, the other for her heart.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is an interesting book like a toper's nose?—Because it is read to the very end.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian.

NICE DISTINCTION.—"I sells peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want comfits you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

"Pa, do storms ever make malt liquors?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

Wanted to know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

At a recent exhibition of some dissolving views in Lincolnshire an arrangement was made with the musicians in attendance to play appropriate music for the scenes represented. The order of the music was arranged according to the order of the views; but by some means or other the latter were transposed. On arriving by the programme to the disarranged scene the music proceeded in the order assigned, and played "Home, Sweet Home," while upon the illuminated canvas glowed a distinct representation of the *Model Prison* at Pentonville.

An Irish lawyer, of the Temple, going to lunch, left his direction in the key-hole: "Gone to the Edinburgh Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you."

Carlyle says that each man carries under his coat a "private theatre," whereon is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country-house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please not to pluck the flowers without leave!" Some wag got a paint-brush and added an "s" to the last word!

If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?—If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong?—If 5½ yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk?—If 3 miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy?—If 4 quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?

PICTURESQUE.—It is indeed a pretty sight in the country to see a landed proprietor standing under his own ash smoking a cigar.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

In the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan, Archbishop Whately once startled his listeners by asking, "If the devil lost his tail, where should he go to find a new one?" and without giving much time for reflection, replied, "To a gin palace, for bad spirits are retailed there."

The sea is of the Quaker persuasion; it has a broad brim.

A country girl, coming from the field, told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said, "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out!"

Old Cranky says, if any man thinks rebellion a nice thing let him get married.

Why are cobblers eligible for medical diplomas?—Because they're all skilled in the art of heeling.

A man bought a horse on condition that he should pay half down and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanding payment of the balance, the other answered, "No; it was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder; how can that be if I pay it?"

Some merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them, and bought them; he, moreover, gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive manner, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. He replied, "Because you intrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

A juryman, kept several days at his own expense, sent a friend to the judge to complain that he had been paid nothing for his attendance. "Oh, tell him," said the witty judge, "that if ever he should have to go before a jury himself he will get one for nothing."

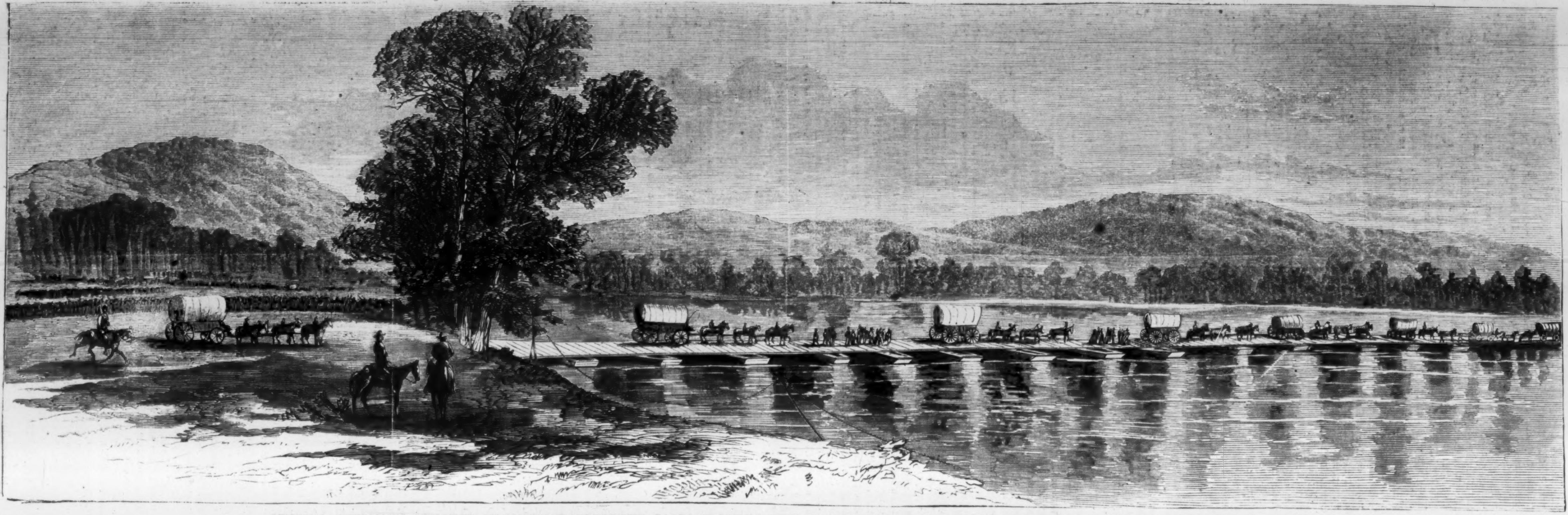
A thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, was picking up a number of small pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice; "but I 'spect some unfortunate female was *wrecked* hereabout somewhere."

A good instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it "Wretched Attempt at Wit."

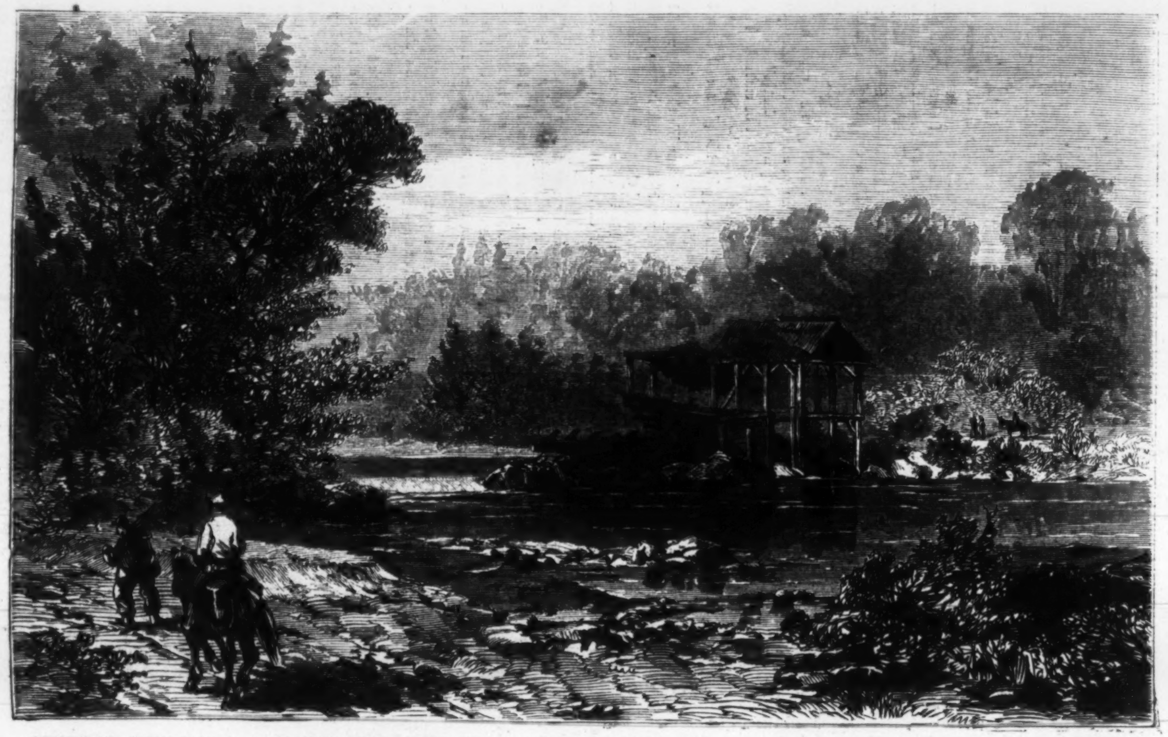
"Why, Mr. B——," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so very small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman who burned with a desire to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

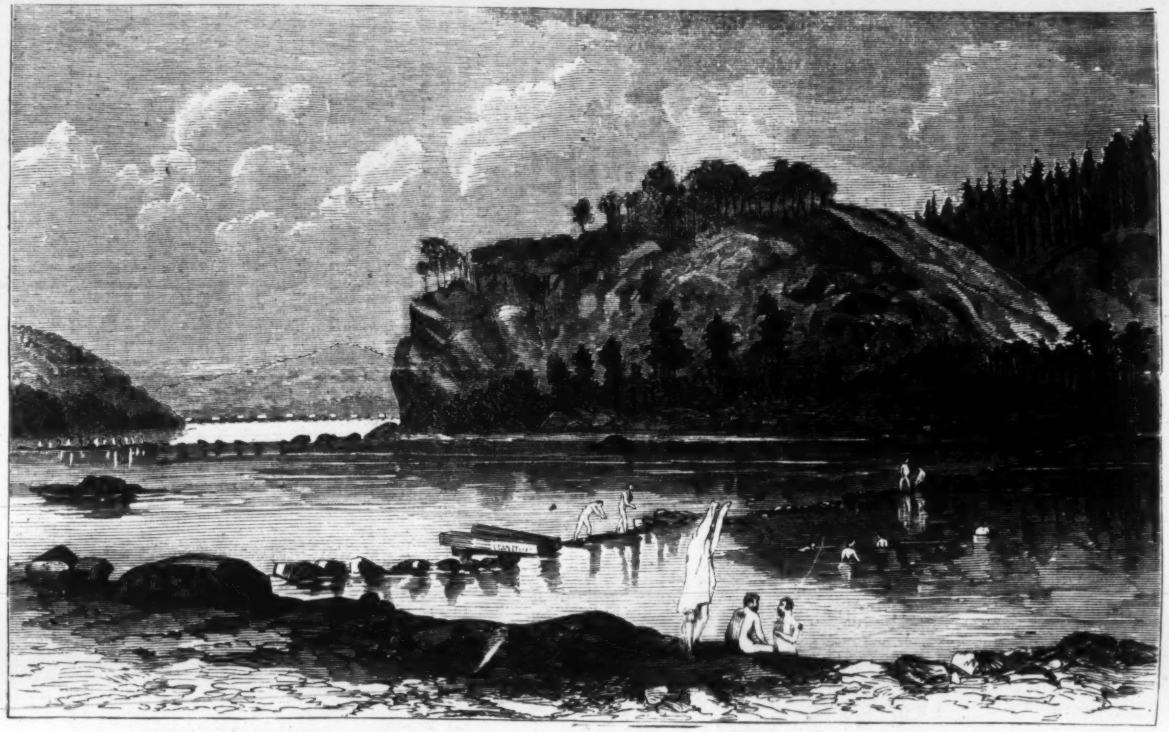
What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?—A sponge.



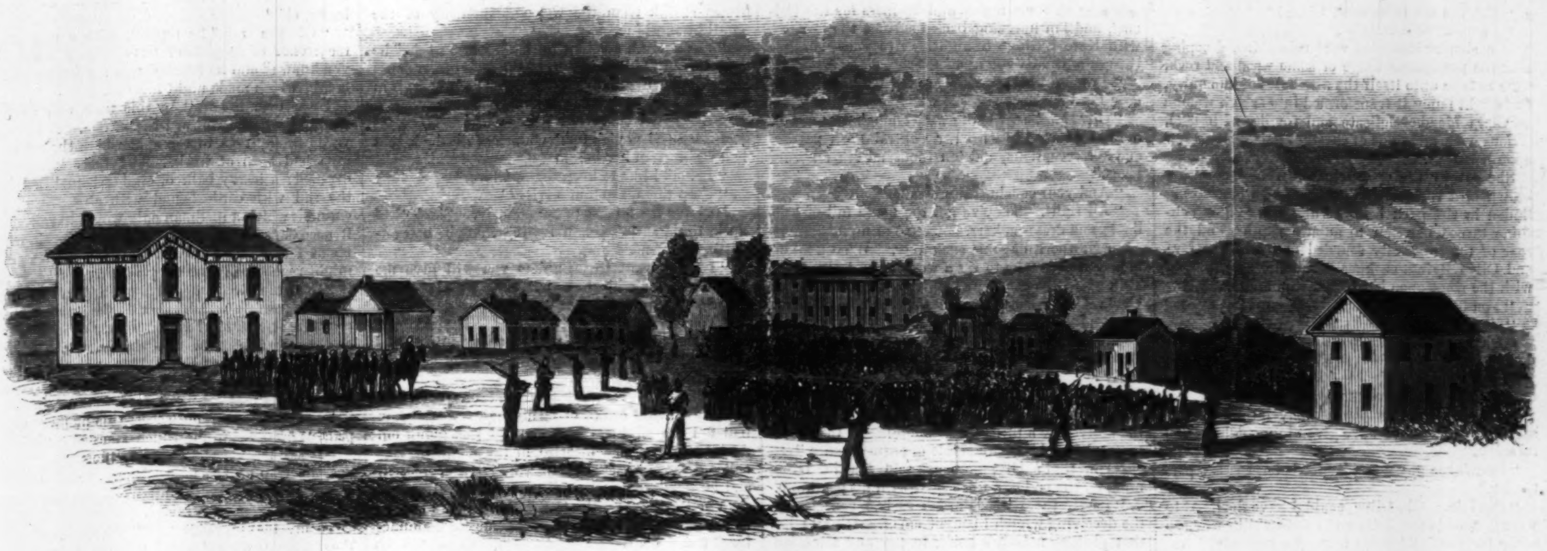
GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—HOWARD'S (FOURTEENTH) CORPS CROSSING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE, JULY 12, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



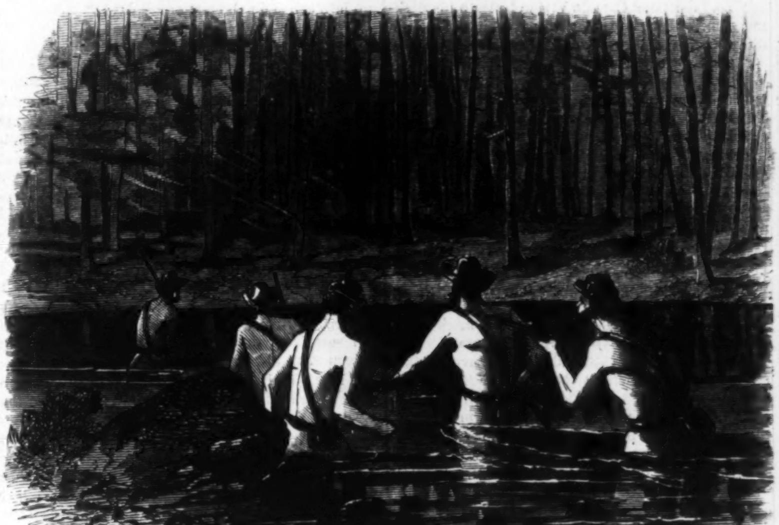
GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—TURNER'S MILL, ON THE NICKAJACK CREEK, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—FISH-TRAPS IN THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF THE MILITARY COLLEGE NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



COLONEL BROWNLOW ON A PICKET HUNT.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

On this and the preceding, as well as on our first page, we continue our illustrations of General Sherman's great campaign. One of these, on page 524, represents The Fourth Corps—General Howard's—Crossing the Chattahoochee. This corps was one of the last to cross; it reached the Atlanta side without opposition, taking its position in the centre of Sherman's lines after crossing the river.

Turner's Mill, illustrated on the same page, is on Nickajack Creek, which is an affluent of the Chattahoochee, from the northern side, emptying into that river a little above Sandtown. It was near its mouth that the rebel army made its last stand before crossing the Chattahoochee. The illustration is chiefly valuable for its rural rather than its military feature.

Another pleasant scene, which we give our readers on the same page, is that representing the soldiers engaged in setting Fish-traps in the Chattahoochee.

On this page we give a view of the Military College near Marietta, formerly one of the first in the South. The area, as seen in the sketch, is filled with rebel prisoners.

Another illustration on this page represents Colonel Jim Brownlow with a small party of men in Georgia costume, crossing the Chattahoochee to capture the rebel pickets. The expedition was a successful one, but it broke up the friendly communication which had been several days established between the pickets across the river. This was before Sherman had crossed. The morning after the occurrence notice was given of the changed situation by a Reb yelling out across the stream:

"Hello, Yank!"

"What do you want, Johnny?"

"Can't talk to you 'uns any more!"

"How is that?"

"Orders to dry up!"

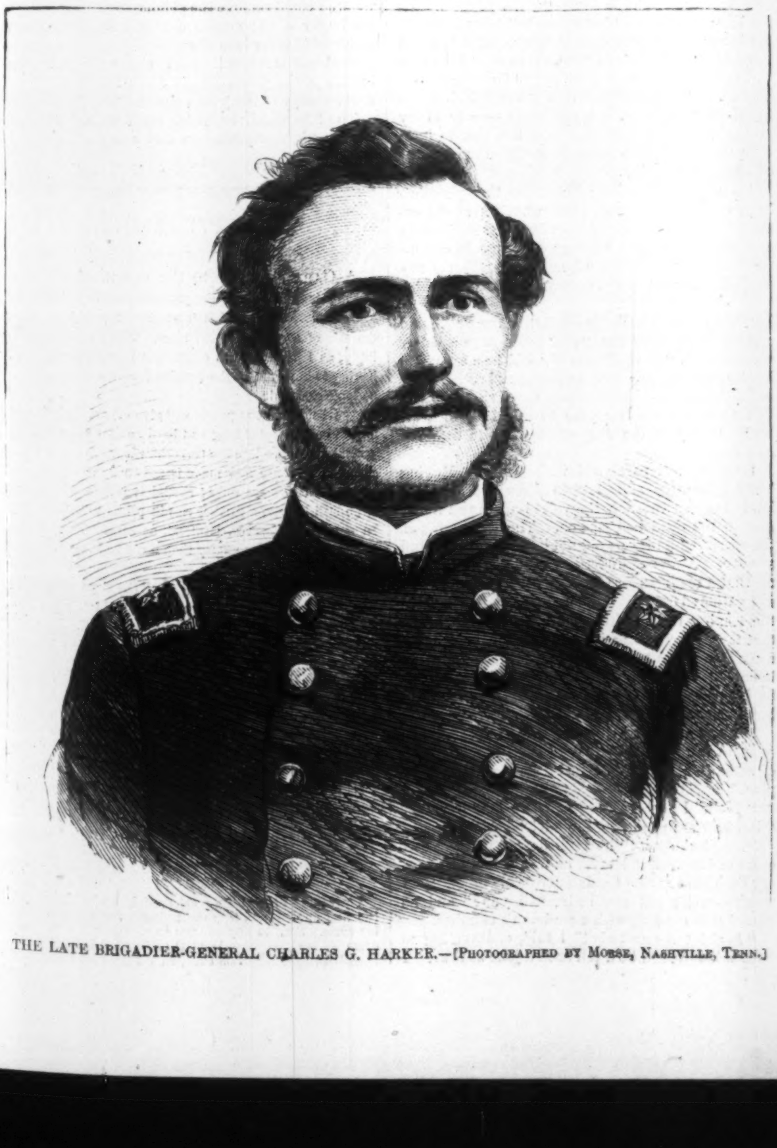
"What for, Johnny?"

"Oh! Jim Brownlow, with his d—d Tennessee Yanks, swam over upon the left last night, and stormed our rifle-pits naked—captured sixty of our boys, and made 'em swim back with him. We 'uns have got to keep you 'uns on your side of the river now."

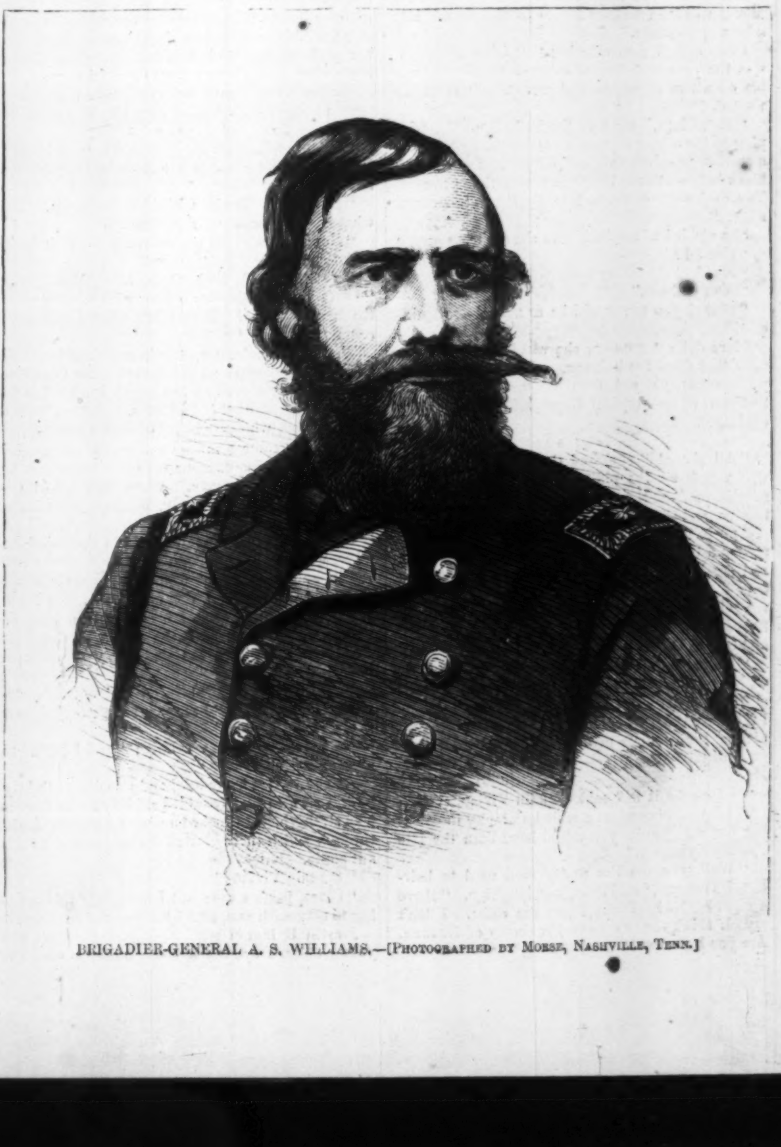
More interesting, as connected with later and more stirring events, is the illustration given on our first page representing General Hooker riding along his lines on the morning after the great battle of the 20th. This battle was very severe. The rebels, by their own account, lost over 5000 men, while our loss was less than one-third of that number. The attack was made by the enemy shortly after our troops had crossed Peach-tree Creek. Newton's division of Howard's corps had found time to protect itself by a slight rail-barricade. Hooker was attacked while yet in column, his "family," as he calls the Twentieth Corps, getting into order almost without an order. The heaviest attack fell on General Williams's division. Ward's and Butterfield's divisions were more successful. They had for trophies seven rebel flags. When Hooker rode along the lines the next morning, as represented in the sketch, to greet his troops and to congratulate them on their success, these flags were all brought out for his inspection, the men being engaged in burying the rebel dead lying thickly around.

We also give on this page portraits of General A. S. Williams and of the late General Harker.

Brigadier-General Charles G. Harker, killed in the assault on Kenesaw, June 27, was a native of New Jersey. He entered West Point in 1854, at the age of seventeen. He entered the regular army as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Second Infantry July 1, 1858. He was made First Lieutenant of the Ninth May 14, 1861, and a Captain in October of that year. He entered the war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Volunteers in the fall of 1861, and afterward became its Colonel. He participated in the battle of Shiloh and the siege of Corinth, and helped chase Bragg out of Kentucky, being then in command of a brigade. His brigade joined General Rosecrans's Army of the Cumberland. In the official report of the battle at Stone River he was recommended for promotion, which he only received last April, when he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was under Thomas when the latter made his gallant stand at Chicamauga.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES G. HARKER.—[Photographed by Morse, Nashville, Tenn.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. S. WILLIAMS.—[Photographed by Morse, Nashville, Tenn.]

CLARA'S PLEDGE.

"You are not in earnest, Clara?"

"I am—most certainly!"

If a slender-stemmed wild columbine, drooping over the precipitous ledge of some woodland rock, were to take unto itself the attributes of humanity, you might fancy it transformed into such a woman as Clara Meade—delicate and fragile, with blue, serious eyes, and folds of chestnut hair knotted low upon her neck.

She sat by the open window watching a tiny brown bird rock on the branches of a blossoming linden in the park below, while the yellow sunshine turned her hair to auburn depths, and the roar of the great city sounded dimly in her ear; and Olive Byington, kneeling at her side, played with the rings upon her white, slim fingers.

"You have signed the pledge, Clara?"

"Yes, and I mean to keep it."

"Oh but, Clara," coaxed the little brunette, "it don't say you're not to wear all those pretty dresses you have already made up—it says only you are not to buy any thing new of foreign manufacture."

"The letter of the pledge may intimate some such thing, Olive. I have given in my adhesion to its spirit."

"I don't see any necessity for being so very particular."

"But I do. Oh, Olive, could I have the heart to wear diamonds and laces and rainbow silks when so many lives are laid down without a murmur?"

"That beautiful crimson silk!" sighed Olive, leaning over to arrange the lustrous folds of a superb evening dress that lay on a divan opposite. Clara shuddered.

"Do you know what I fancied, Olive, the night I wore it first, and the news came from the Wilderness?"

"No; what?"

"I imagined there was blood in all its crimson shine; I almost looked to see the dark drops fall!"

"Nonsense, Clara, you are so fanciful. And the pearl necklace you have never once worn!"

"I could not wear it, dear; it would be like clasping round my neck the tears of widows and orphans who have given up their best and bravest!"

"But, Clara, this is all a romantic fantasy. What good do you suppose it will do the Army of the Potomac for you to lock up all your rich dresses and India silks, and go into a nun's costume of calico and linsey-woolsey?"

"Listen, Olive!" said Clara, softly, while the blue light in her eyes seemed to glow into tremulous sapphires, and a faint crimson burned on either cheek—"do you suppose it will do our soldier-heroes no good to know that we, their wives, sisters, daughters, have laid aside the gaudy trappings that drain away the country's wealth, and are crushing our petty vanities for their sakes? It is easy to give money, but it is not so easy to deny ourselves these daily articles of luxury. Can not we make one trifling sacrifice in memory of those who have given up home, and comfort, and life itself for us? Oh, I am sick of hearing cashmere shawls rustle past the sombre weeds of the bereaved ones; I am tired of seeing diamonds shine over the fresh sod of new-made graves. Is it meet or seemly that we should lavish money on this absurd display when Want stalks grimly in our midst, and the soldier's helpless orphans lack their daily bread?"

"How can you speak of such dreadful things?" said Olive, complainingly.

"They make you shudder and grow pale, do they, the mere mention of them? What must it be to endure them?"

"I am sure *I* am not to blame for them," said Olive. "*I* didn't make the war, and I don't see how it will help matters for me to turn myself into a homespun fright."

Clara sighed, remembering that Olive Byington was the representative of other women innumerable on whom argument and persuasion were alike wasted.

"But, Clara," went on the little brunette, tripping to the mirror so as more satisfactorily to adjust a scarlet geranium that had fallen from her glossy black hair—"this is better in theory than practice. You *can't* wear calico to Mrs. Eytinge's to-morrow night!"

She nodded triumphantly as she spoke.

"Can't I?"

"No!"

"You will see."

"Clara! you never will be so absurd—so Quixotic!"

Clara did not answer; she was leaning over the roses that filled the balcony, and thinking of something sweet, yet sad, for there was a smile on her lips even while a crystal drop sparkled through her eyelashes.

"All aboard!" shrieked the conductor. There was a rush for the platform—a shower of sparks surging up from the grimy smoke-stack of the locomotive, and the long train began to move.

And just as the last car glided slowly past the station a tall soldier rushed from the coffee-room, and sprang recklessly on board, nearly knocking over the two or three loungers who were setting the "Rules and Regulations" of the Company at defiance by riding on the platform in the teeth of law and order.

"Hallo!" ejaculated the new-comer; "I came within one of being left, and that rascal who sells cigars told me there was plenty of time. Before I'll believe the perjured villain again—! I beg your pardon, Sir; I hope my head wasn't harder than your metal buttons, for— Why, it's Walter Vivian!"

"Of course it is," said Captain Vivian, coolly; "and if you'd been just a whit less lucky in catching the car-guards, you would have been the late Private Byington."

"Well, you see I'm pretty well used to hair-breadth escapes," said Byington, laughing. "Have a cigar? No? Perhaps you are right. I don't myself think they ever saw the shores of Havana. Are you homeward-bound?"

"For a day or two—yes."

"So am I. I just ran down to Philadelphia this morning on some regimental business for the Colonel, and I'm hurrying back to dance the German with Kate Eytinge to-night. Are you going?—though of course you are."

"I thought of it. How are the ladies in Gramercy Park? Your sister is well?"

"Olive? Yes. Quite well enough to torment me out of my life with her Central Park parties, and her receptions, and ten thousand other absurd ideas."

"And your cousin, Miss Meade."

"All right. They've got the house full of milliners and dress-makers, getting 'em up for Saratoga or Newport, or some such folly. What a lot of money it does take to rig a woman up, to be sure! Talk about the country's being poor! I should like Uncle Abe to look over Olive's bills this summer. I guess I'll inclose 'em to him, marked 'Private and Confidential!'"

And Martin Byington burst into a laugh that fairly shook the platform.

Captain Vivian's face grew grave—almost stern.

"I thought the ladies of New York had bound themselves by a pledge, or something of that sort, to put down this reckless tide of extravagance."

"Oh, that's all gammon," said Martin, trimming off the end of a fresh cigar with his pen-knife. "Really these weeds aren't so bad, considering the deceiving wretch I bought 'em of. It's all talk, that pledge—nobody's going to pay any attention to it. Why, our girls were out shopping yesterday, and I wish you could have seen the silks and muslins and lace shawls that were sent home."

"So," muttered Captain Vivian beneath his dark mustache, "they are not willing even to abridge one of their useless vanities for our sakes."

"Oh well, women will be women, you know, Walter," said Byington. "They don't amount to much except to look pretty and be made pets of. There's not one of 'em has a soul above point lace and ear-rings."

Captain Vivian looked thoughtfully at the far-off hills gliding past as in a dream.

"I had thought better of them," he pondered. "I had hoped the dawn of a new redemption was at hand. If they could have stood beside me on that bloody field in the Wilderness—if they could follow the fatal footprints of Death along the aisles of those rudely-constructed hospitals, where lives died out as swiftly and suddenly as I have seen fire-flies vanish in summer glens, they might perhaps learn a lesson which would endure always. These women—how little idea they have of the strength that lies within their frail hands! And *she* is like the rest. I would rather Martin Byington had stabbed me than spoken those words."

And Byington, innocently smoking his cigar on the platform of the lightning train, marveled at the shadow that lay upon the Captain's stern, set face.

Kate Eytinge was "receiving" in sky-blue silk and sapphires—"receiving" the gay world of her acquaintance as joyously as if no pall stretched its black darkness over the country's horizon. And Captain Vivian stood in the recess of a superb bay-window whose blossomed myrtles made a sort of green wall to exclude the crowd beyond, and surveyed the swaying multitude with a bitter curve to his lip.

"*This* looks like keeping the pledge," he said, scornfully, as Byington came up to look for a dropped fan.

"I told you so," said the young man, shrugging his shoulders.

Captain Vivian looked toward the door—he was tall enough to insure a pretty favorable prospect—as Olive Byington floated in, the rich folds of her maize-colored silk rippling over the carpet like sunshine, while the point-lace shawl that drooped from her perfectly moulded shoulders was clasped with the golden sparkle of a superb Oriental topaz.

Walter Vivian gave but one glance, and then turned away with a feeling very like disgust at his heart.

Suddenly a familiar appellation struck on his ear, sending the hot blood in a torrent to his sunburnt forehead.

"It *is* Clara Meade, with Miss Byington. But what is she wearing? Pale-blue silk?"

"No; it looks like grenadine, and yet it isn't. What can it be? India crape?"

"Fiddlestick!" said plain Mrs. Mandeville. "Don't you see it's blue calico, with a little white check all over it? Now *that's* what I call good common sense."

The beau monde, gorgeous in moiré antique and shimmering glacé, stood appalled and silent as Clara Meade quietly moved up the long room on her father's arm. Calico! And at a full-dress reception! Why, who ever heard of such a thing?

And then came a murmur of scarcely-repressed admiration—a spontaneous tribute of applause to the girl's simple beauty. Clara Meade had triumphed over Mrs. Grundy, Madam Greenback, and Company.

For she looked strangely lovely in the pale-blue dress, with its delicate edging of lace at throat and wrists, and the creamy water-lily twisted in her shining brown curls, a dream of the Lotus Isles. No jewel sparkled on her breast, only a knot of waxen lily-buds; yet all the pearls of the East could not have improved that spray of graceful buds.

"Calico, eh?" laughed Kate Eytinge, archly surveying her friend. "I see you have enrolled your name on the Pledge."

"I have," said Clara, calmly; "and I intend to observe its regulations."

As she turned away her hand was drawn lightly within an arm that trembled slightly in its Herculean strength. She looked up, with a sudden blush, through which there glowed the sunbeam of a radiant smile.

"Captain Vivian!"

"Clara, pardon me; but I have only this evening to stay with you, and I have so much to say."

Martin Byington would not have thought the young officer's eye stern could he have seen the tender brightness that illumines the dark irids *now*. And Clara's glance fell beneath it, as you sometimes shrink from the welcome intensity of the gentlest sunshine.

"I scarcely know how to thank you for this," he said, inclining his head toward the folds of her azure dress; "but it is a surety to me that your heart is in our cause. It has given me new hope and strength, Clara."

He stooped to pick up the bunch of lily-buds that had fallen from her bosom.

"I should like to keep these, Clara."

"Keep them, Captain Vivian."

He gave them back to her silently. She looked up in timid surprise, half fearing that she had unwittingly offended him.

"I don't want them, unless you will give me something else with them, Clara."

"Something else?" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Your heart, dearest!"

She looked downward, rosy as an eglantine, and then gathered up the cream-tinted buds and laid them gently in his hand.

So Walter Vivian proposed and was accepted, and the moving crowd of fashionables around him had not the slightest idea of what was going on. And Clara is to be married in the identical blue calico dress—at least so Captain Vivian decrees it, and husbands-elect generally get their own way in such matters. And the *trousseau*, greatly to Olive Byington's horror, is to be of "domestic manufacture" throughout.

"It will be so *outré*," sighed Olive; "and yet—I don't know—if signing the Pledge would get me half such a splendid husband as Clara has won I'd go into calico for the rest of my days!"

A MADMAN'S END.

A VERY dear friend who was passing through Hindlesham by the night-express wrote to ask me to meet her at the station. Now my correspondent was not aware that that particular train did not stop at Hindlesham, and it was too late, on the very day of her passing when I received her letter, to rectify her mistake. For all that day, however, I could not get the night-express out of my head; it haunted me the whole day long; mixed itself up in the most perplexing manner with the very important case of Regina and Higginbotham, upon which I was then engaged, and finally scattered all thoughts of work to the winds. This being the case, it was not surprising that I should find myself, at about eleven P.M., at the Abbey Bridge.

The night, I remember, was dark, though not so dark but that I could distinguish the outline of the trees and the tall, gaunt telegraph-posts, filing singly like spectres through the gloom. It was the darkness, in fact, of a summer-night.

Leaning upon the low stone-wall, which at that part separates the path from the railway, I had—in harmony with the sweet tranquillity of the night—fallen into a very pleasant reverie, in which the young lady then approaching in the night-express was not the least conspicuous feature, when I was somewhat astonished by the sound of footsteps upon the bridge. This was, I knew, an unusual circumstance at that time of night, and I waited with some curiosity to see who the late traveler might be. As I turned my head to listen the footsteps ceased, but only for a moment. When they broke upon my ear again, however, I fancied that they were accompanied by a sound as of something being dragged over the loose cinders of the bridge. "It is some plate-layer," I said to myself, "returning late from work, or who possibly has been dispatched to attend to some necessary repair upon the line;" and I fell back again, not reluctantly, to the interrupted reverie, with the thousand pleasant thoughts which grouped themselves round the central figure—the young passenger of the night-express. A very pleasant dream it was, which, floating there as an indistinct, undefined melody in my young mind, has proved, thank Heaven, to have been the prelude to a fuller harmony—the key-note of a more perfect joy.

I can not say how long I had been thus pleasantly occupied; I suppose, from what afterward occurred, that it could not have been for any length of time. All that I remember is, that in one instant, without warning, without preparation of any sort, all the blood in my body was turned to sudden ice.

"Get over the wall, Sir—get over the wall," said a voice in my very ear, "and you'll have a better view. By the Lord Harry, Sir, it'll be a sensation header. Real water, and, by jingo, real rocks. Ha, ha! Come along, come along, or we shall miss it. The *Colleen Bawn* 's a joke to it. Do you hear, Sir? It'll beat the *Peep o' Day Boy* to fits—ha, ha! fits—fits."

I was almost paralyzed with horror. Having heard no footstep, and wrapped in the dreamy cloud-land of my speculation, the voice broke upon me as though the dead had spoken. The *full* horror of the situation, however, did not burst upon my mind at once. A glance, indeed, was sufficient to show me that a madman was before me—a madman who, as I gathered from his incoherent words, had doomed the coming train (with what intensity I felt *then* that it was freighted with all that I held dear on earth!) to a fate too terrible to think of. The diabolical ingenuity which he had employed, however, for his purpose was happily then unknown to me; had I seen that, I should have almost despaired.

For one moment I doubted how to act; for one moment my thoughts failed to suggest any course of action, in the next I had formed an indefinite plan.

"Well," I said, turning so as to face the man, "but how are you going to do it?"

"Ha, ha! do it!" he replied; "come and see, come and see. But I say," he went on, a momentary flash of suspicion coming across his mind, "you won't—won't tell any body, will you?" and he peered into my face with a madman's cunning.

"Pooh! tell any body!" I said, endeavoring to force a laugh; "who'd tell such a joke as that? I wouldn't whisper it; that is, if you'll let me see how the scenery's managed; where the trap is, you know, eh!"

"Oh, the trap," he replied, with a momentary recurrence of suspicion; "it's behind the scenes, you know;" and he laughed again, a hollow maniac laugh, which made night hideous.

I was over the wall by this time, and we were walking together toward the bridge. A very few yards brought us to the spot where the wretched man had been at work. Ay! there it was, as I dreaded: a heavy balk of timber bound fast upon the rail with cord—bound with an intricacy and cunning which a madman only would have thought it necessary to use. How my heart sank within me as I saw it, for I knew that the night-express might reach the spot at any moment: I knew that it was at that instant hurrying on its way to meet the hideous fate which this wretched man had prepared for it, and the thought almost deprived me of the power of action. To use force, I had sense enough to know, would be dangerous, for a glance showed me that the madman was a strongly-built, powerful man, and I was aware that any madman is terrible in his strength. At this moment an expedient occurred to me which afforded some hope.

"Good Heavens!" I said to the man, "you've put the trap on the wrong line. You'll spoil all. Quick! off with it—it's all wrong—wrong," I almost shouted in my anxiety.

To my inexpressible relief the madman seized the idea. Once possessed with it, he was down upon his hands and knees in an instant, endeavoring to carry my suggestion into effect.

With what terrible anxiety I watched the cord unwound! How slowly the coils loosened beneath the fingers of the wretched man, eager and anxious as he was! How I trembled as now and then a knot or intricacy of the cord impeded the work! How my heart ceased its pulsation, as ever and anon he would pause in his work to laugh a horrid laugh, and mutter inarticulately about a "jolly header!" But the wretched man was earnest in the task; "Spoil all, spoil all," he continued to mutter; "of course it would; why, one would think I was mad not to have seen that!" and then he fell again eagerly to the removal of the obstruction.

And all this time I listened with an intensity which I can not describe for any evidence of the coming train; but still no sound broke the stillness of the summer-night to tell of its approach. I heard the river fretting in its narrow channel eighty feet below. The distant chime of Hindlesham Church clock was borne to my ear faintly on the breeze, as it struck the quarter past the hour—the quarter past! then the express was due! I started; the madman even started to his feet, when the long whoop of an owl broke shrill and loud upon the startled ear of night; but still no sign of the night-express.

I began to breathe more freely as I urged him to his work. All might be well yet, I thought; when hark! the shudder in the air, the weird whisper in the trees, the thousand signs I knew so well, and the quick pulsation of the coming train reached my ear.

"Quick, quick!" I said, bending over the madman at his work—"quick, we shall miss it all;" but he laughed loud at my anxiety. He, too, had heard the train. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "she's coming—coming, the fiery devil's coming; and now on to the bridge—on to the bridge to see the header!" and the poor maniac left his work unfinished, and hastened on to the centre of the Abbey Bridge.

To seize the block of wood was with me the work of an instant, and, to my inexpressible relief, I found it loose. I was not one moment too soon. Before I could remove the ponderous timber, indeed, the buffer of the engine caught it from my hand, and hurled it far into the night.

And not it alone! High above the noise and brattle of the passing train I could distinguish the death-shriek of the poor maniac.

The fate which he in his madness had destined for the night-express had met him on the Abbey Bridge.

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